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## THE DYNAMITE PLOT.

IT may seem somewhat paradoxical to discern reasons for satisfaction in the discovery of machinations which show a degree of human rascality blacker than anything recorded in the present generation. It may be contended that the Russian Nihilists, though sufficiently reckless of human life, have always limited their attempts, directly at least, to the destruction of individuals whom their fantastic creed denounces as obnoxious. The excesses of the Paris Commune, it may be said, were committed in circumstances which might bring them with a little goodwill within measurable distance of the excesses frequently indulged in at the storm of a town in regular war. But neither of these excuses can be applied by the most ingenious reasoner to the design of which the persons now in custody are suspected, and which those who sympathize with them at a safe distance openly boast to be still in contemplation. The victims, had there been any, of the "tiny bits of dynamite" which, according to an American-Irishman who had probably been inspiring himself from the national fount of pathos and poetry, were "in the heart of London to free dear Erin," would have been persons wholly unconnected with the present Government of Ireland, and would have been sacrificed by the plotters in cold blood and with no object but that of a mere demonstration. Nevertheless one cannot be altogether sorry for the discovery. It must help powerfully to impress on Englishmen the madness of concession to Irish demands; it has already shown that the efficiency of the English police is much greater than despondent persons have been wont to allow, and, above all, it has been met with a very creditable coolness. There seems to have been some panic in Birmingham, but there has been next to none in London, and the reckless proposal of making the new Explosives Act retrospective had but to be mentioned to be promptly condemned. Those foreign critics—and they are but few—who talk of "terror" show themselves to be singularly ill informed.

With regard to the Explosives Act itself, there is as far as its clauses are concerned little more fault to be found with it than that, dealing with a subject of American origin, it in one place affects the American rather than the English tongue. English has not such a phrase as "does not have." But with the exception of this mark of the draughtsman's haste, the measure is, save in one important point, unobjectionable and likely to be effective. The criticisms of Lord SALISBURY on the provisions relating to the examination of witnesses deserve attention; but the LORD CHANCELLOR's reply seems to be on that point sufficient. Those of Mr. STANSFIELD, Mr. BULWER, Mr. REID and others, as to the possible misapplication of some of the provisions are in the same way sufficiently met by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's argument that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL only can put the law in serious motion, and that it is not likely he would approve or authorize proceedings of a vexatious character. There is indeed a rejoinder to this which is obvious enough; but it is one which is inapplicable to the circumstances as to those of much other modern legislation. Every law may be abused, and formal safeguards will not prevent its abuse. In the present case, a great danger having been suddenly exposed, it was indubitably necessary to adopt means of protection, and in this Lord SALISBURY agrees as heartily as the LORD CHANCELLOR, Sir RICHARD CROSS as

heartily as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. To the penalties as to the other provisions of the Bill there is little objection possible, and less that is worth advancing. The arm of the law was until now insufficiently weaponed against a formidable enemy, and it is now sufficiently weaponed, though there are certain points of the existing statutes affecting explosives which require, and are admitted to require, improvement and corroboration. But it is impossible to approve the hurried passing of a measure intended to be permanent; and the comments which have been made in some quarters on Lord SALISBURY's protest in this respect show to a lamentable degree the excess of partisan spirit which characterizes some contemporary politicians. The principle of Lord SALISBURY's remark that "no emergency can justify 'a permanent measure'" is one which no sober man can question, and only the most heedless or the most ignorant of politicians can fail to see the difference of the positions on Monday of the House of Commons, which had due notice of the intention of the Government, and of the House of Lords, which had not, and (the coming up of the measure being entirely contingent) could not have such notice. There is no exit for Radicals from the dilemma that a temporary measure, to be afterwards confirmed, would have met the emergency, and that a permanent measure ought to be patiently and regularly discussed. No point of public convenience or safety would have been touched by making the measure in the first case temporary, and in that case no one would have complained of its being presented and carried through with the utmost possible speed. The precedent of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act is worthless. For, in the first place, that was not a permanent measure; and, in the second, it was not even a novelty. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, though a rare and regrettable incident, is almost a regular, and certainly an unavoidable, incident of the English Constitution; and when it presents itself nothing has to be discussed but the necessity of the proceeding for the time being. At a time when a certain party is openly and almost daily boasting of the new facilities for legislation, and when enormous powers of overcoming the resistance of a minority have been put into the hands of the majority, the least appearance of further innovations in the direction of hasty law-making is to be deprecated. If it could be shown that the Executive would have been ever so little hampered by the limitation of the Act, in the first place, to a specified time, all criticism on the conduct of the Government would disappear. But it has not been, and cannot be, shown; and it is to the credit of Lord SALISBURY that he did not shrink from the duty of protesting in a case where partisan unscrupulousness was certain to misrepresent his protest.

It is unfortunate that the maladroitness of a Government which in this as in other matters seems unable to do the right thing without doing it in a wrong way should prevent the possibility of acknowledging without qualification action which has on the whole been well directed and well advised. But for this mistake the credit of freedom from panic which has been deservedly given to the people might be given with equal reason to their governors. Panic, indeed, is not only undignified, but foolish. All persons who have some acquaintance with chemistry must have read with approval as well as with pleasure the letter in the *Times* (it deserved a more prominent

place and larger print), in which one of the first authorities, the manager of NOBEL's Explosives Company, rebuked the idle exaggerations which have been current in the press as to the powers of dynamite and nitro-glycerine. That manufacturers may have a certain interest in arguing that their wares are not so dangerous as they are thought does not really matter. It is perfectly well known, and ought to be known generally, that these explosives, though much more intense than gunpowder, are also much more local in their intensity. In other words, dynamite is much more manageable and easily applied than gunpowder of nominally equal energy; but the energy of the gunpowder applied to buildings and other large solid masses is more widely destructive than that of dynamite. The history and circumstances of the late affair at the Local Government Board, where, though according to the best authorities a large quantity (some twenty or thirty pounds) of dynamite was used, one small patch of wall only was destroyed and one room wrecked, might have dispelled the idle notion of its being within the power of a dozen or a score, or, for the matter of that, a hundred men to "blow up" London. The innocent accident at Woolwich has fully confirmed this teaching of the explosion in Charles Street. Certainly the danger ought not to be undervalued; but there is no need to overvalue it, and Mr. ROBERTS's letter should be widely read as a preservative against the risk of overvaluation. The new Act, if it does not enable any scoundrels against whom outrages or attempts to commit outrage in the past may be proved by the inquiries now in an early stage to be adequately punished, will go far to remedy that defect in regard to anything done or plotted after Tuesday morning last. The HOME SECRETARY's seasonable remark on "the 'masculine sense of the law of England as to murder'" may be well kept in mind, together with the hope that the masculine sense of the law will not, as in some past cases, be checkmated by the feminine folly of some good people who administer it. An American mercantile paper, commenting on the matter, observes that "there is a good 'deal of hanging and shooting to be done.' They sometimes put things bluntly, not to say crudely, in America, and Englishmen would be sorry to accept unreservedly the friendly suggestion of the *Chicago Commercial Gazette*. But it is a suggestion which those who have the direction of Irish sentiment, not to say of Irish crime, may perhaps ponder on with considerable advantage to their friends, if not to themselves.

#### LORD RIPON'S POLICY.

**I**F reasons were wanting to prove the advantages of an Upper House, they would be found in the debate of last Monday. It was confined to seven speakers, all men of undoubted ability and varied experience. Two ex-Viceroy and three Secretaries or ex-Secretaries of State discussed subjects of supreme importance, which go to the very root and foundation of the British power in India, in eloquent and yet dispassionate language, and with a command of opinions and facts. The LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord CARNAEVOY each added something to the general stock of information. No one was personal, rancorous, or abusive, and no commonplaces were uttered about the incomparable virtues of our own political system, or the applicability of Liberal doctrines to every tribe and nation under the sun. Lord LYTTON wisely dealt first with the Bill for Local Self-Government, and gave it precedence over the alterations in criminal procedure which, in reality, are tantamount, as far as Englishmen are concerned, to a change in statute and substantive law. Here the ex-Viceroy had no difficulty in exposing the infatuation and absurdity which distinctly aim at transferring power from European to native hands. It was clearly proved that the proposal was not a development of any existing system, but a radical and fundamental change; that it was not appreciated or desired by the ignorant and apathetic villager; that it could never succeed in the hands of pleaders and writers in local journals, suddenly credited with "political enthusiasm"; and that the exclusion of the district magistrate from all control and supervision of these new Boards and Unions was exactly calculated to ensure the maximum of waste, mismanagement, and inefficiency, and to put back the native clock for a series of years. Lord CRANBROOK on the same side was, as usual, vigorous and trenchant; and he was able to quote a disastrous precedent from the

native State ruled with conspicuous ability by the late Sir SALAE JUNG, and to show that, in the short space of seven years, one of these self-elected and independent local bodies had cleverly managed to reduce everything into chaos and confusion, and to destroy roads and other works by sheer inefficiency and neglect. To these and other forcible arguments and illustrations, Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord NORTHBROOK had nothing to say, except that the present VICEROY was only building on the lines of his distinguished predecessors; that divers eminent administrators, past and present, had professed themselves quite favourable to some such scheme; that it might be skilfully adapted to the wants of each locality and to the different degrees of advancement and intelligence shown by the native community. But those who will take the trouble to read carefully the Resolutions of the VICEROY of May 1881, as well as divers other papers already accessible to the public, can have no hesitation in saying that these apologies are fallacious. The SECRETARY OF STATE for India talked of "associating natives" with Europeans in the management of local affairs. But when you deliberately isolate the native Union or Board from the district officer; when you publish a State document and bring in a Bill to exclude the latter from the office of chairman, and to deprive him of a vote even when he should be allowed to preside over some jangly or back-sliding Board; when you hand over the disbursement of funds to the unfettered control of hungry place-hunters and bucolic headmen of hamlets, it would seem to plain intellects that this is not association, but isolation and severance. This is by no means the sort of policy commenced by Lord LAWRENCE, extended by Lord MAYO, or further developed by Lord NORTHBROOK himself. It has been left for Lord RIPON and his advisers to renounce all sound principle, and discover that because the cautious attempts of his predecessors have been comparative failures, and natives have not always responded to the advice and encouragement of Englishmen, the only chance of success is to cut the cables, and set the native craft adrift without captain, pilot, or engineer.

It is no good attempting to palliate this policy, to minimize this revolution, or to take refuge behind an assertion that these are harmless details. They upset every recognized tradition of Anglo-Indian administration. The justification of our presence in India is good, vigorous, equitable government, shown in what SYDNEY SMITH termed the stout constable and the free highway. No plea of native political education can justify this flagrant abandonment of the Englishman's solemn trust, and the difficulties of working of the scheme are even more conclusive than the theoretical arguments deduced from the whole history of all native progress whatever. A recent oration delivered only last month by the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University comes to us most opportunely to show for what branches of the public service the native has fitted himself by such training as our schools and colleges afford. The Vice-Chancellor of that institution, somewhat like the Lord Rector of a Scotch University, makes yearly a set speech on educational progress, and at the same time reviews statistics and delivers himself of warnings and hopes. He tells us that the candidates for matriculation last year exceeded 3,000, and that 1,458 were successful; that no less than 1,300 passed the examination for First Arts; that 96 out of 120 took the degree of Bachelor of Law; and 19 out of 50 that of Bachelor of Medicine. One solitary candidate passed for the degree of Bachelor of Engineering, while not a single native tried to get what is termed an "engineering licence." After this it seems sheer folly to talk of educated natives establishing a "touch" between their rulers and agriculturists in villages or shopkeepers in bazars. There are doubtless some departments in which natives have achieved real distinction. They have taken high honours in English Classics or Literæ Humaniores. Hindus, when they have once overcome their prejudices against dissection, have shown themselves effective as surgeons, physicians, chemists. They have proved themselves fully able to discuss difficult legal questions with the Advocate-General, the Standing Counsel, and the foremost leaders of the Presidency Bar. They have gradually raised the whole morality of the native Bench, and they justify the remarks of Lord SELBORNE as to the integrity of their character and the soundness of their decisions. Though not always scrupulous as to means, they are expert in detecting crime. But for the laborious construction and direction of local works, with the exception of a reservoir or a bathing ghat, they have never

manifested the smallest turn. Though cleanly in their persons, they violate the commonest rules of sanitation every hour in the day. Filthy tanks, rotten vegetation, the exclusion of light and air, deadly epidemics, never ruffle their serene composure, while they move the district officer to despair. Every Englishman in the service of Government, or engaged in active pursuits in the interior, with a little practice becomes a bit of an engineer. He knows how to lay down lines of roads made of earth, of pounded bricks, or of nodular gravel; how to construct bridges over narrow streams, and how to carry off surplus water from one side of an embankment to another. He insists on making ferry-boats which can convey carts, palanquins, and four-wheeled carriages over tidal or rapid rivers, without imperiling life or property; he takes pleasure in varying the sterner duties of executive government by seeing to the good management of pounds, hospitals, dispensaries, and schools. No native, though he could speak Persian like a Mooka, or quote MILTON and SHAKESPEARE by the square foot, has ever shown himself fit to be trusted with expenditure on works as necessary to the efficiency of the whole administration as to the comfort of the community. And it was clearly shown in the debate that, even if we could get over differences caused by caste, sect, and social rivalry, the amount of funds divisible amongst a network of Boards and Unions would in all probability be hardly sufficient to pay the wages of untrustworthy subordinates or the travelling allowances of unpaid members.

It seems highly probable that the tremendous excitement apparently caused by the alteration in the criminal procedure is, in reality, an expression of profound dislike at the fundamental change of system which Lord RIFON's friends and supporters vainly attempt to deny. Lord KIMBERLEY found it comparatively easy to demonstrate the failure of several of the dismal prophecies, uttered at every encroachment on the inherent and inalienable rights of the British subject, about the disappearance from India of British capital and industry. He did not find it so easy to explain the want of political insight and knowledge of British character on the part of those who brought forward this impolitic measure, which professed to anticipate rather than to remedy any administrative inconvenience. What is to be thought of the sagacity of statesmen who have now to admit plaintively that they did not anticipate that such a terrible fuse would be made, or how are we to place any reliance on their power of gauging the aptitudes of natives, of whom they must know less than they do of their own countrymen, for local self-government and political power? But the outcry of the tea-planter, the silk merchant, and the English Zemindar is by no means without its justification. The resettlement of the Criminal Procedure Code just ten years ago by Sir JAMES STEPHEN, was a sort of tacit pledge that the subject would not be needlessly revived at an early period, except for the gravest reasons of State. And it should not escape notice that the removal of one anomaly will still leave the jurisdiction over English-born subjects as anomalous, illogical, and incongruous as ever. The district judge and the district magistrate, be these gentlemen Englishmen or Hindus, will still have power to sentence Rajas or Mahajans either to imprisonment for life, or to three years respectively, while they can only sentence the Anglo-Saxon to one year or to three months. The capitalist and trader may well ask how long this illogical conclusion will escape the notice of some lynx-eyed Member of Council who wishes to efface "humiliating distinctions" and to make a name for himself. Lord NORFOLK's expression that there is to be "no 'governing class in India'" will probably be twisted to mean something different to what he intended. We shall never persuade the independent Englishman that he is not by birth and temperament akin to the governing race, while that race itself will lose half its value and efficiency when its proper functions are usurped by heterogeneous and ill-sorted bodies to whose instincts and capacities "local works" of this sort are alien and opposed.

#### THE DEBATE ON THE BUDGET.

THE short debate on the Budget failed to justify by its spirit or interest the urgent demand of the Opposition for an early discussion. Mr. W. H. SMITH and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON delivered elaborate and instructive speeches, but the figures which they quoted bore almost entirely on the comparative merits of the late and the present Government. Mr. SMITH, for instance, answered Mr.

CHILDER'S declaration that 12,000 tons ought to be added to the navy every year by a statement that Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government had approximated to the proper amount more nearly than their successors. Both the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and his critic discussed the question less as financiers than in their character as former First Lords of the Admiralty. It is difficult in ordinary circumstances to excite the same professional or official zeal in the minds of ordinary members. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE justly complained of the polemical character of Mr. CHILDER'S Budget speech; but the answer that no such purpose had been entertained virtually amounted to a sufficient apology. The rest of the discussion was businesslike and dull, except in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's forcible denunciation of the mischievous fallacy that taxation on account of war ought to be made penal or punitive. The doctrine was invented long ago by Mr. GLADSTONE as it is now preached by Mr. CHILDER. At the beginning of the Crimean War Mr. GLADSTONE raised the Income-tax to an unreasonable amount for the purpose of making a conflict which he nevertheless deemed necessary as onerous and unpopular as possible. Mr. CHILDER contends that the taxpayers ought to be compelled to learn by experience "what war "really is."

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE maintains the far more reasonable proposition that the burden should be lightened by an equitable distribution of payments over a short term of years. There are reasons enough, independent of fiscal arrangements, for avoiding war as far as peace may be consistent with safety and with honour; but the defence of national rights and interests, even at the cost of heavy sacrifices, may become the most sacred of duties. It is the business of a wise statesman to render unavoidable evils as far as he can endurable. All expedient wars are in strict justice chargeable to capital, as the contemplated results ought to ensure to the benefit of posterity. An apportionment of the cost between annual taxation and money raised on loan is almost always a legitimate compromise. The Americans indeed borrowed the whole of the vast sums which were expended on the Civil War; but the same generation has since paid off out of revenue a large portion of the debt. Mr. GLADSTONE is evidently subject to the illusion that all wars are so far morally wrong that belligerents ought to be subjected to heavy fines. It is strange that so cool-headed a politician as Mr. CHILDER should share in so gross a misconception. If war is necessarily unjustifiable, the Peace Society is in the right, and the demands of foreign aggressors ought in all cases to be conceded. In practice the mode of providing for extraordinary military and naval expenditure is to a great extent determined by its amount. The Government has defrayed the cost of the short Egyptian war out of the year's revenue, because the campaign was short and comparatively cheap. If the war had lasted for six months, Mr. GLADSTONE himself would have acknowledged the necessity of distributing the burden. In the actual circumstances contributors to the Income-tax have had the satisfaction of paying the whole expense caused by Mr. GLADSTONE's Egyptian policy. His successors in future Liberal Governments may have to deal with taxpayers who will have lost all control over questions of peace and war. The House of Commons and the constituencies will then no longer have any sympathy with classes which will be powerless at elections. The erroneous theory which Mr. CHILDER propounds may be used to recommend grievous oppression when all the upper and middle classes are disfranchised.

The same consideration may perhaps tend to modify opinions which have hitherto been held as to the difficult questions affecting the reduction of the National Debt. At present the adjustment of taxation is, on the whole, equitable; and it may therefore be desirable to meet an inevitable outlay while the whole burden is not devolved on the owners of property. Mr. LABOUCHERE, and the party of which he prematurely discloses the designs, may perhaps be inclined to simplify the controversy on the debt by the simple application of the remedy which COBBETT called the sponge; but repudiation has not yet been openly recommended by any section of politicians in England. Democratic projectors incline rather to a partial and graduated system of taxation, by which perhaps fundholders may be favoured in comparison with holders of land. The probable sufferers from democratic oppression have therefore a strong interest in reducing, if possible, the total amount of future taxation;

and they can only promote the object by facilitating an early reduction of the National Debt. Political considerations of this kind ought perhaps to outweigh the obvious reflection that little is to be gained by the process of investing money at three per cent. The complicated machinery of Terminable Annuities involves a certain loss or increase of expense; but, probably the Government can at present obtain a return of three per cent. on money applied to payment of debt. Mr. ANDERSON said, with perfect truth, that it was often more profitable to modify or abolish a tax than to diminish the revenue by the same amount for the purpose of paying off debt. In a former generation some economists were in the habit of asserting that money ought as far as possible to be left to fructify in the pockets of the people. The debt has since been reduced by a seventh or an eighth; and but for the prospect of mischievous political changes, and for another special reason, it would be more advisable to lighten taxation than to accelerate the discharge of the debt.

Mr. CHILDERS, for reasons which were probably sufficient, said nothing about a motive which perhaps mainly accounts for his ambitious project of substituting Terminable for Perpetual Annuities. A large part of the debt is liable to conversion at the pleasure of the Government; and the operation will become imminent as soon as it is certain that it can be safely effected. Consols have for some time past been above par, and if a moderate percentage could be added to their present value, there would be little risk in attempting to reduce the interest to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. The price of Consols will probably be raised by the proposed reduction of the total amount; and the time may soon arrive when a stock bearing a lower rate of interest may be floated at par. It fortunately happens in England that the public creditors, as a body, have neither organization nor political influence. They will therefore have no means of resisting a measure which, as soon as it becomes feasible, must necessarily benefit the taxpaying community. In France, where holdings in the public funds are widely distributed, the Government always hesitates to reduce the rate of interest, although commutation would be both intrinsically just and highly advantageous to the State. Even M. LÉON SAY when he was last in office was afraid to meddle with the Five per Cents. Secretaries of the Treasury in the United States have been able largely to diminish the public burdens by paying off the stocks created at a high rate of interest during the war, and by reborrowing on much easier terms. The possibility of obtaining money for less than three per cent. has not been contemplated till lately since Mr. GLADSTONE's earliest tenure of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Exactly thirty years have passed since he issued a small amount of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock with the avowed intention of trying an experiment which might afterwards serve as a precedent. The Russian war put an end for the time to his sanguine project, which might perhaps in more favourable circumstances have succeeded.

Mr. COURTNEY propounded, with an independence not always allowed to a Secretary of the Treasury, a doubt whether it was wise to cheat Parliament into discharge of debt by the cumbersome process of creating Terminable Annuities. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's plan of fixing the annual charge of the debt is simpler and more straightforward; but the present scheme will come to an end in 1885, and it is not certain that the House of Commons would consent to prolong it. The debt is for the purposes of the Budget supposed to require an annual amount of 28,000,000. for interest; and, as the real charge is less, an increasing sum is every year available for payment of principal. The cheapest and best mode of getting rid of a debt is to pay it, and Mr. COURTNEY apparently so far differs from Mr. GLADSTONE that he thinks it useless for the House of Commons to pretend to deceive itself. In 1885 the fixed contribution might be diminished if the House thought the present sacrifice excessive. Perhaps there may for purposes of conversion be an advantage in an earlier diminution of the amount of Three per Cent. stock, though the reduction of the debt in any form tends to improve the public credit. The debate would perhaps have been more lively if the House had not been engaged three days before in discussing similar topics on the occasion of Mr. RYLANDS's motion. Next year, if he retains his present office, Mr. CHILDERS will perhaps not think it necessary to relieve the details of finance by party denunciation.

#### IRISH CRIME, DISTRESS, AND GOVERNMENT.

THE trial of the persons accused of the Phoenix Park murders, which has been delayed by various circumstances, is scarcely likely to excite or satisfy public attention to the same extent as the preliminary proceedings two months ago, unless the rumour of the admission of MULLETT to give evidence proves to be correct. The chain of incriminating evidence was then forged pretty completely, if in the rough, and it was tolerably well understood that though some superfluous links might be struck off, little would be added save the important rather than interesting details required to fill up gaps in the history of the crime, and explain minor points in relation to particular prisoners. Hitherto this expectation has been fulfilled, and a judicious process of compression and weeding-out has presented the evidence of the principal witnesses in a much more compact form than it took in the original examination, as it was adjourned from Saturday to Saturday before the magistrates. Only in the evidence of SMITH and of the boy CAREY has much new matter appeared, but that new matter was of considerable importance. The difficulty as to the provision of counsel for the prisoners is very much to be regretted, though their total abandonment in their hour of need by those who were ready enough, if all tales are true, to spend money and use influence to bring them into the position they occupy points a sufficiently salutary moral. The defence, at least in BRADY's case, has taken shelter in that refuge for the destitute, an alibi, and in the endeavour to point out some discrepancies and pick a few holes in the evidence for the prosecution. It would be altogether improper to forecast the result of this line of defence, and the chief thing which can be said at present about the trials is that, unless juries should disagree, they appear likely to take much less time than was anticipated, even though, doubtless for good reasons, the cumbersome plan of separate arraignments has been adopted, and therefore the same evidence will have to be gone into more than once, if not several times over. But even this repetition, if all the trials are as succinctly managed as the case against BRADY, will hardly fill up the "month or six weeks" which the matter was expected to occupy. Nor can it be denied that, grave as the subject is, and atrocious as are the crimes charged, the newer and more active dynamite conspiracy has, with that large number of persons to whom novelty and uncertainty are the chief attractions of such matters, somewhat eclipsed the "Invincibles." The conduct both of the prosecution and of the presiding judge appears to be all that could be wished on an occasion which is by no means free from difficulty.

Meanwhile the greater part of two days has been given in Parliament during the present week to Irish subjects. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER's motion on the subject of migration and emigration, and the singularly reduced version of Mr. HEALY's extensive plan for Irish self-government which Mr. BARRY brought forward on Wednesday, were both measures of importance, and the discussion of neither can be called a waste of time. In regard to the first it is very noteworthy that neither Mr. PARNELL, nor Mr. BIGGAR, nor Mr. JUSTIN McCARTHY, nor Mr. SEXTON voted on either side or took any serious part in the debate, though the matter could not be considered but as one of the highest importance to Ireland. On the general question, ably as Mr. O'CONNOR POWER put his views, there is no doubt that the same objections and even more objections lie to his plan of migration, or rather transplantation, as to the more general schemes of peasant proprietary advocated by Lord LANSDOWNE and others. It is dialectically unanswerable that to introduce any such measures on a large scale would be to stultify the Land Act. It is an objection of convenience, of which Mr. TREVELYAN certainly did not make too much, that the present is a very awkward time for the Government, which is sufficiently unpopular already, to make itself more unpopular by assuming the position of landlord, and of landlord too at increased rents. Moreover, when the matter is taken in detail, it is impossible not to recognize that between Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and those who hold the views on Irish matters here advocated there is a gulf over which no man can pass. On the one side are those who hold that Ireland is still over-populated, and that the peculiarities of its soil and climate can only be met by a great reduction of the rural population and an extensive consolidation of holdings; on the other are those who hold exactly the reverse of these propositions. Sir

BALDWIN LEIGHTON, adopting the philosophy of despair, says in effect that Mr. GLADSTONE has finally frightened capital away from Ireland. Even the rashest of statesmen, however, cannot finally interfere with the laws of nature; and, unless a succession of Mr. GLADSTONE'S arises to continue his mischievous work, it is still possible that some day or other an Ireland such as nature indicates, an Ireland of large grazing and pasturing farms and of population concentrated in a few centres of industry and on the coast, may yet be allowed to come into existence. The plan which Mr. POWER and Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON advocate would only be another of the more or less insane interferences with this natural course of development with which the unhappy island has been cursed, and which have culminated in the Land Act. But it is certainly comic (if anything in so serious a matter can be comic) to see defenders of the Land Act like Lord LYMINGTON coming forward with the remarkable statement that "Ireland did not really lend itself to cultivation in 'small farms.'" To what possible end did the Land Act lend itself if not to the perpetuation of small farms in Ireland? It is a pity that Lord LYMINGTON and others of his party voted for a measure which they must have disapproved so heartily. But, it is true, Lord LYMINGTON thinks that the exercise of the right of free sale will of itself lead to consolidation of holdings. He is probably alone in that opinion.

If the more prominent members of the so-called National party were silent on this important but unexciting question, it was not so on the modest Bill which took the place of Mr. HEALY'S ambitious project. The elective Councils of Mr. BARRY'S Bill were not intended, at any rate for the present, to exercise the pleasing privilege of nominating the SHERIDANS and EGANS of the future to every place of profit and authority in Ireland according to the plan sketched to the enraptured National League. Practically the measure aimed at but little more than the ousting of the Grand Jury from its present functions, and the substitution of an elected body, to be composed doubtless of such individual members as the Town Councillor who was arrested the other day on a charge of crying "To — with the QUEEN!" It is true that it would have supplied the *cadres* of a much more powerful organization. But it was probably neither in its actualities nor in its possibilities that Mr. PARNELL and Mr. SEXTON found it attractive, but merely in the opportunity which it gave for repeating their familiar denunciations of England and of the Government. The opportunity was certainly not a bad one. Mr. TREVELYAN'S speech was in itself good enough, but it must be owned that it contrasted strikingly and almost ludicrously with the incautious utterances of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, of Mr. GLADSTONE *père*, and Mr. GLADSTONE *filis*, and even with his own at no very distant date. The exposure of this, however, may be left to Mr. PARNELL and Mr. SEXON. For Englishmen it is most important as well as most satisfactory to notice that the flames which burnt up the results of Mr. WHITEHEAD'S experiments in manufacturing chemicals appear to have consumed or at least singed off some noisome weeds of Radical fallacy which flourished in high places not long ago. Mr. TREVELYAN confined himself to the strictest and most minute criticism of the details of the Bill; the rest of the Treasury bench presented *vacuas sedes et inania regna*. Even Birmingham, it would seem, has had its nerves too much shaken, or at any rate its temper too much ruffled, by recent events, to be able to spare a platitude about the rights of men to govern themselves. Dynamite in its course has certainly fought against Mr. BARRY. It is fortunate that objections to the absurd plan of throwing the reins on a runaway horse are not in all persons due to panic or to accident. But in the present circumstances of the government of the country, sensible action or inaction on the part of Ministers is too great a blessing to make inquiry into its motives either necessary or wise.

#### M. VEUILLOT.

FOR the last few years little has been heard of M. VEUILLOT. But there was a time when he was a powerful and successful man; when what he wrote gave delight to the admirers of a simple and forcible style; what he thought imposed itself as the thought of a large section of the Christian world; and what he did harassed

the lives of thousands of honourable and inoffensive men. The opinions which he maintained with singular tenacity, with great courage, and with a total absence of scrupulousness, dated their hold on his mind from a visit which he paid to Rome in 1838. Thenceforward, for nearly forty years, he fought very hard and often very triumphantly for the realization of his two ideals—the subjection of the Church to the Papacy and the separation of the Papacy from the modern world. He made it his mission to combat every form of opposition to the Papacy; but, of all forms of opposition to the Papacy, that which he hated with the hottest ardour and fought against with the most savage virulence was the attempt to unite political liberty and philosophical independence with the doctrines of the Church. He wrestled, and wrestled successfully, with combatants as eminent as MONTALEMBERT, the Bishop of OLEANS, and the Archbishop of PARIS. Against lesser men he freely used the weapons which spies furnish to malicious gossips. With every successive Government he inevitably quarrelled, as his only test of the goodness of a Government was that it should do everything he wished. He exulted over the fall of LOUIS PHILIPPE, to patronize and desert the Republic, shared in the *Coup d'état* so long as its author would properly pay the Church for the support it gave him, broke with the EMPEROR when the Italian war brought France into collision with the Papacy, saw with the satisfaction of virtuous wrath the retribution which the German war brought on his wicked and wayward countrymen, and did not retire from the scene until he had had a last struggle with the Government of Marshal MACMAHON. In all his quarrels he had the advantage of being determined in action and consistent in thought. Never was any one less of an opportunist. He had a clear programme cut as in marble, from which he never swerved. He strove to bring not a part but the whole of modern life into harmony with this ecclesiastical system. He called MOLIÈRE a rascal, and earnestly endeavoured to confine classical studies to the works of ancient Christian authors. Here it must be allowed he failed. Latin prose is still written in France on the best models, and the Théâtre Français still devotes evenings to the representation of the only comedies of which Frenchmen seem never to get tired. But in other directions his success was at one time really brilliant. He did much to kill the Gallican Church, he contributed to getting Papal Infallibility proclaimed, and he helped to convert to atheism hundreds of thousands of his countrymen.

M. VEUILLOT was very distinguished as a journalist, and to be distinguished as a journalist is in France to gain a very uncontested kind of distinction. For his work of journalism he possessed two very important qualifications. He had something to say, for his mind was possessed with a clear and consistent train of thought, and he had a style original and yet not eccentric, forcible, but free from rhetoric, cutting but lively. It was exactly the style for effective antagonism, and eminence in French journalism depends very largely on the writer being an effective antagonist. Paris decides the reputation of journalists, and what Paris loves in journalism is first of all good French, then wit, and then malice. To be able to write good French is a gift of nature, and those who possess it can write, to whatever party they belong. Wit, too, comes by nature, although it can scarcely find much room for its exercise, unless it finds something to criticize and deprecate. But malice cannot exist at all unless it is beating and tearing down something. A writer who like M. VEUILLOT has style and wit, and is also extremely malicious, is the journalist to charm Frenchmen. For his malice was of a kind eminently agreeable to a people which, with many excellent qualities, has the faults of being prone to envy and delighting in calumny. If M. VEUILLOT had pleased none but extreme Catholics, he would have had no reputation worth speaking of. But he was eagerly read by numbers who thought his opinions the outcome of a fantastic idiocy. They liked his articles because they seemed so simple, and yet were so lively and so malicious. And his malice was of a kind eminently pleasing to those casual admirers. It denounced and laughed at men whom the readers secretly felt they ought to respect, and it dragged into a blaze of publicity the lives of obscure and humble persons. It was a new amusement to find men like MONTALEMBERT and DUPANLOUP denounced not because they were reactionary, but because they were still in darkness, ungodly men, faith-

less to true religion. It was also piquant to come across an Inquisition directed, not against laymen, but against priests, and to see harmless and well-meaning curates put on the rack of current gossip, just as if they were countesses or swindlers. The journalist who could give them these treats was naturally in their eyes a very great journalist. In point of style and wit M. JOHN LEMOINNE deserves to be held the equal of M. VEUILLOT; but M. JOHN LEMOINNE, although an eminent journalist, is not such a very eminent journalist as M. VEUILLOT was. His reputation, otherwise high, is depressed by the lowering weight of his unvarying courtesy, moderation, and good sense.

By the use and abuse of his powers as a journalist, M. VEUILLOT gave a powerful support to a great movement of religious thought. In his own field he did solid work for his cause. He goaded the Bishop of ORLEANS until the BISHOP forbade the reading of the *Univers* in his diocese. M. VEUILLOT appealed to Rome; and, while the BISHOP was thrown over, the journalist was blessed. Here the journalist had done something positive. He had broken the power of a Bishop who was too independent to please him and Rome. In the same way, by his inquisitorial gossip he achieved the positive result of brow-beating and cowing the parochial clergy. He therefore did something evident and incontestable to favour the religious movement which culminated in the decree of Papal Infallibility. But it is impossible to suppose that any man by writing any number of newspaper articles can create or mature a religious movement. He can but fall in with it, and give it an extra spin or two in his own special sphere. M. VEUILLOT triumphed, so far as he did triumph, on the larger issues for which he was contending, not because he was a great journalist, but because he was a journalist living in the times of PIUS IX. and CARDINAL ANTONELLI. When he died he had in some degree outlived the influence he once possessed. It is true that the work of crushing the French clergy had been so well done that there was nothing more to do in it, and ill health for some years made M. VEUILLOT lay aside his pen. It must also be owned that his influence as a fomenter of irreligion seems greater now than ever. But in his own line the times have lately been against him. Long before he died he had ceased to have the ear of Rome; and of all men whom in the days of his energy he would have loved to attack, none would have been such delicious victims of his virulence as the present POPE and the late Nuncio at Paris. The rise of Germany, again, as the leading Power of the Continent has given the ascendancy of physical force to the ideas which M. VEUILLOT most earnestly opposed. But the most powerful cause of the decay of such influence as he possessed is the discovery, even by those Frenchmen who were most inclined to be his allies, that as a Frenchman there was much to be deplored as absent in him. That this should have been so was entirely consistent with the general turn of his thoughts. He was too much engrossed with the Papacy to have much room in his thoughts for France. But this is not the temper of any French party. Even to the extremest Legitimists the restoration of HENRY V. is not so much the triumph of a party as the restoration of the glories of France. Over the grave of M. VEUILLOT there have been no tears shed by religious or monarchical France; and the end of this great journalist has been to die, if not forgotten, yet at most remembered as a man who is said to have written well and to have done much mischief in his day.

THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.

**A** PAINFUL conviction that the new Procedure Regulations have not changed things very much after all has obviously taken possession of the minds of the more ardent kind of Liberal voter and of at least one member of the House. When those reforms were being debated they were credited with all the virtues of a charm. Now that they form part of the Standing Orders it is found that the charm will not work. The devil will not rise when bidden, and the House of Commons does not pass great measures any quicker than it did before. The Clôture, which was to cut short needless talking, is found to be as harmless as the best tempered of weapons while hanging from a nail. It is kept in reserve, like an enchanted sword in a fairy tale, for a great adventure. As yet the adventure has not presented itself, and the House of Commons goes on very much as it did in the days of ignorance

before Mr. GLADSTONE had shown it how to speed quicker on its road. It almost seems as if the Autumn Session had been a reporter's dream, when we find the PREMIER getting up to confess that he does not know how the Ministry are going to get along or even what they propose to try and do. With the Grand Committees already working with all the efficiency of the new broom, it is apparently as difficult as it was in the days when the Irish members ruled the roost to "proceed seriously" with Supply. The ardent reformers who called for Clôture, the Grand Committees, and the rest find that the House has not become the thing they wished. The ideal Parliament of the new Liberals was to arrive by intuition at a sense of the merits of Liberal measures. Its Bills were to be passed as rapidly as the verdicts of a "court-martial in a mutiny," with even less consideration and infinitely less sense of responsibility. A court-martial has to decide for itself; the Radical's ideal Parliament would only have to obey orders like a firing party. That this happy state of things will ultimately be attained is still possible; but for the present the House of Commons continues to regard itself as a body elected to debate and consider, and has not learnt to adapt itself to the position of a mere Executive Committee of all the Caucuses.

If the House were called upon to defend itself before these formidable bodies, it might make what some of us would think only too good a defence. It is so far from being the case that the time of the Session has been wasted that the House has rather erred on the side of undue hurry. Two most important Bills have been read a second time and sent to the Grand Committees after a single night's debate each. It is early yet to judge how these new wheels in the Parliamentary machinery will work; but it is already possible to make some guess at what effect their presence is going to have on the House itself. They have manifestly lightened the general sense of responsibility, and made members far more ready to let Bills pass uncriticized. If the Bankruptcy Bill or the Court of Criminal Appeal Bill had been going before a Committee of the whole House, they would neither have been read a second time after a single night's debate. It is not very obvious why the fact that they are going before a select body should be supposed to make it safe for the House to allow them to pass with less scrutiny. It might seem that the House of Commons should have acted in a directly contrary way. It should be more and not less strict in examining the principle now, when Bills pass almost out of its hands after the second reading. As yet, however, the House is apparently inclined to give the Grand Committees more than a fair chance. It acts towards them like a schoolmaster to a new boy taking their possession of all the virtues for granted, and professing to expect great things as a matter of course. Before long the Grand Committees will probably make their first false quantity, and then perhaps the House will discover that they are only as other boys, and to be trusted no further than they can be seen. Meanwhile the fidgetty Radical feeling that nothing is being done unless Bill is being hurried through after Bill is bound to find expression in and out of the House. In the House it has taken shape in Sir H. VIVIAN's motion to correct the abuse of "counts-out," which has a certain plausibility. It is certain that time is lost under the present system by which a count-out adjourns the House. The amount of time so wasted was probably greatly exaggerated by Sir H. VIVIAN, who not unnaturally wished to make the best possible case for his motion, but time is lost. Members often support a great deal of utterly foolish talk simply because they know they can only stop it by losing the whole night. Some change in the rule by which a count-out could be made to adjourn the debate without at the same time adjourning the House or interfering with the rights of private members might perhaps be a gain. Sir H. VIVIAN's motion, however, would interfere with the rights of private members very seriously. His proposal that every motion must have the support of forty members before it could be brought forward would infallibly have led to lobbying and wire-pulling. Moreover, members of the Liberal party should not forget that measures which have ultimately obtained the support of a majority have often been defended for long by a very few devoted believers.

The readiness of Mr. CECIL RAIKES to inflict a well-merited snub on some very pushing people at Cambridge has afforded the public an opportunity of judging to what

an extent the desire to use the goad on Parliament has extended among the provincial members of the Liberal party. A body known as the Cambridge Junior Liberal Club, having amused itself by passing a Resolution to the effect that "persistent and systematic obstruction" was being used by the Opposition in the House of Commons, and calling for vigorous measures of one kind and another, thought fit to send it to Mr. RAIKES. The substance of the charge has been frequently heard of late from more considerable persons than the President of the Cambridge Junior Liberal Club, and their parrot-like repetition might safely have been neglected. But Mr. RAIKES was fairly entitled to take advantage of an excellent opening for enforcing attention to some unpleasant facts, and he did so with effect. We do not know whether the "intelligent "young men" to whom Mr. RAIKES addressed his letter will get all the benefit from it which he desired. Intelligent young men of the Liberal party in these latter days are found to be endowed with a marvellous impenetrability to argument. Indeed, argument has nothing to do with the matter. They passed their Resolution because they wished to feel the joys of the political free man whapping his own negro. It is just as well, however, that what the *Anti-Jacobin* used to call, in the fine outspoken language of those times, lies and misrepresentations should not pass always uncorrected. On this occasion Mr. RAIKES has taken care that they should not. He has proved beyond a question of a doubt that, so far is it from being the case that Ministers have had to contend with obstruction, that they have scarcely been opposed.

#### NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.

MR. RYLANDS achieved last week an unexpected Parliamentary triumph. On mature deliberation Mr. GLADSTONE has thought fit to accept his Resolution, and to announce the appointment of a Committee or Committees to inquire into the public expenditure. If the motion had been brought forward by a Conservative member the Government would probably have treated it as a vote of censure, except that no facility would have been given for discussing the question. A Resolution that the present expenditure requires the immediate attention of the Ministers with a view to reduction is equivalent to a statement that the Government or the Treasury has neglected its duty; but the words of the motion are not primarily important, and the appointment of a Committee was, perhaps on insufficient grounds, approved by all parties in the House. The debate was both directly and indirectly instructive. It suited Mr. GLADSTONE's purpose to refute many of the misconceptions which he has suggested or encouraged when he was out of office, and especially to correct the erroneous impression that the expenditure has been enormously and unreasonably increased within the last forty or fifty years. Mr. RYLANDS had naturally referred to a motion of Mr. GLADSTONE's in 1857 against Lord PALMERSTON's Government. The occasion of the attack was furnished by the Budget of that year, which included the continuance of a heavy Income-tax. Mr. GLADSTONE had in 1853 undertaken to abolish the tax in 1860 after successive reductions; and he accused Sir GEORGE LEWES, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, of a breach of faith in not providing for the fulfilment of his predecessor's promise. The Government had no difficulty in showing that the outlay of a hundred millions during the Crimean War had made some difference in the financial condition of the country; and Mr. GLADSTONE's violent and unconcealed hostility to Lord PALMERSTON and his Chancellor of the Exchequer diminished his authority for the time. When he soon afterwards returned to power he made no attempt to carry out the doctrines which he had propounded in Opposition; but, as often as a Conservative Government has been in office he has anticipated Mr. RYLANDS's condemnation of Ministerial lavishness. Mr. GLADSTONE's offer in 1874 to abolish the Income-tax, having been made for the purposes of the general election, was a political rather than a financial proposal. As Mr. CHILDESS had on the previous day taken the opportunity of the Budget to make an elaborate party speech, Mr. GLADSTONE was at leisure to examine the real merits of the question which had been raised by Mr. RYLANDS. Having for some unexplained reason taken the year 1840 for his starting-point, he showed that, after proper corrections and

deductions, the increase of expenditure in forty-three years amounted to thirty-four per cent. In the same interval the population has increased sixty-eight per cent, and the taxable income one hundred and fifteen per cent. The proportionate outlay has therefore been greatly reduced, although some items of expenditure have either begun to increase or have largely increased between the dates selected for comparison. It has been necessary to raise the pay of soldiers and sailors, and military and naval armaments have through the progress of mechanical invention been largely increased in cost. A single shell is now as expensive as the ammunition which was formerly used for an entire battery. An old line-of-battle ship cost 1,000*l.* for each gun. A modern iron-clad is built at four or five times the total expense. Mr. GLADSTONE further explained that the reduction of debt is an investment, and not a branch of expenditure, and that transfers of charge from the local rates to the national revenue leave the total amount of burden unaffected. He might with advantage have expatiated more fully on the political reasons which have from time to time rendered it prudent or necessary to incur additional expense; but Mr. GLADSTONE offered every resistance in his power to Lord PALMERSTON's plans for improving the national defences; and almost the only crisis for which he thought it necessary to provide was the imminent danger of an attack on Belgium during the war of 1870. His speech on Mr. RYLANDS's motion was useful and opportune; and it would have been at least equally appropriate to a refusal to consent to the Resolution. Much surprise will be felt if any Committee succeeds in reducing the expenditure without impairing the efficiency of the public service.

Some of the professed advocates of economy objected to the charge for the pensions which form a part of the remuneration of officials. In the Civil Service pensions are, as a rule, only given after the age of sixty, on a scale calculated according to the length of tenure of office. Every official person who dies or retires before the age of sixty virtually loses a part of his remuneration, to the advantage of the State. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said, if pensions were abolished, they would probably after a time be restored; and unless the permanent Civil Service is at present overpaid, there is no more reason for abolishing pensions than for reducing salaries. There is, in fact, no branch of the public expenditure which has not been sanctioned on full consideration by Parliament. It is not improbable that in the management of some departments there may be room for improvement. Sir HENRY HOLLAND, who has had large experience in the examination of financial details, thought that greater economy and regularity might be introduced into the administration of stores. As he also recommended the appointment of three Committees, he evidently thought that no change involving a principle was practicable or necessary. It is scarcely to be expected that any Committee can effectually check the rapid increase of school expenditure. If Parliament thinks fit to sanction the provision of secondary teaching at the expense of the taxpayer, no Finance Committee can interfere with its decision.

Both Mr. GOSCHEN and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE commented with good reason on the revelations of the ulterior tendency of democratic Government which were furnished by Mr. COLLINGS and Mr. BROADHURST. It seems that the emancipated working-man will demand baths, libraries, parks, and picture galleries to be provided at the expense of his neighbours. As Mr. COLLINGS coolly argued, he has been educated with artificial wants which must now be supplied. For the full satisfaction of his demands he will perhaps be content to wait till an enlightened Government and a wise Liberal party has handed over to him absolute political supremacy. Household suffrage, soon to become universal, and equal electoral districts, will enable the new sovereign to dispose at his pleasure of the revenue, to which, if Mr. H. FOWLER's advice is followed, he will no longer contribute. The duties on tea, tobacco, and beer are to be removed; and it need scarcely be added that the Income-tax and the Succession Duties will be increased in a much larger degree. Mr. COLLINGS and Mr. BROADHURST scorn the thought of frugality, except that they would, in reliance perhaps on the sympathies of some International Association, cripple the army and the navy. Under their administration the whole cost of education would be borne by the State, with the result of creating an appetite for more and more luxuries. Mr. LABOUCHERE's Income-tax of fifty per cent. might perhaps not satisfy the new rulers; but,

when capital and confidence have disappeared, the career of extravagance may possibly be rudely checked. There is not much use in appointing Finance Committees to supervise the expenditure which is threatened by the extreme revolutionary section. The whole Liberal party, with the solitary exception of Mr. GOSCHEN, is responsible for the dangers which Mr. BROADHURST, Mr. COLLINGS, and Mr. LABOUCHERE foretell. The most violent of the democratic financiers vaguely indicates a purpose of making some undefined change in the incidence of taxation. It seems that in his judgment the shopkeeper, or perhaps only the small shopkeeper, is, like the working-man, to be exempt from taxation. The whole burden of rates and taxes is to be placed on those who, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, neither toil nor spin; or, in other words, on the owners of property. It is not stated whether personality is to be spared as long as there are landowners to plunder; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be well assured that the time of the capitalist will come. The later speakers on Mr. RYLANDS's motion congratulated the House on the comprehensive and useful nature of the earlier portion of the debate; but neither Mr. GOSCHEN nor Mr. GLADSTONE himself gave so much information as the prophets of Communism. Those who have long foretold the approaching severance of taxation from representation have probably been regarded as alarmists; or it has been taken for granted that the power conferred on the working classes would not be abused. Mr. COLLINGS and his ally may claim the credit of having removed all doubt as to the ulterior purpose of democratic agitators. While old-fashioned Radicals grumble at the increase of the public expenditure, their destined successors reserve to the State, which they hope hereafter to control, the right of unlimited extravagance. In the presence of warnings so clear it seems hardly worth while for Conservatives and Liberals to exchange with one another accusations of reckless expenditure. Mr. GOSCHEN formerly explained his objection to a uniform franchise by the apprehension that a popular constituency would be sentimental. Its ruling sentiment might be simple cupidity.

#### OPPORTUNISTS AND RADICALS.

THE policy of the present French Ministry is one that is very hard to follow. It was supposed when they came into office that when the difficulty about the OREANS Princes had once been got over the Government would make it their business to conciliate the Moderate Republicans at the expense of the Radicals. Upon two points, however, they have already had the opportunity of doing this offered to them, and upon both they have let it slip. Whatever meaning the compromise between General THIBAUDIN and General DE GALLIFET was intended by its authors to bear, there is no doubt what meaning it does bear. When both sides claim the victory it must be credited to the combatant who reaps the substantial fruits, and in this case the proposed cavalry manœuvres have been so reduced in importance that it matters nothing who commands them. General DE GALLIFET is left with the titular honour, but only after it has been carefully docked of all that made it interesting or important. The Radical journals boast that this has been done in direct defiance of the other Ministers, and they are every day exhorting General THIBAUDIN not to desert his post and to remember that he alone represents the Extreme Left in the Cabinet. It is further asserted that M. GRÉVY has transferred to the Gambettists in the Ministry the hatred he bore to GAMBETTA himself, and that his object is to displace M. FERRY by his old ally M. DE FREYCINET, retaining of his present advisers only the indispensable MINISTER OF WAR. Whether these rumours be true or false, M. FERRY acts as though they were true. Instead of making his own retention of office dependent upon General THIBAUDIN's instant resignation, he is apparently willing to put up with him rather than offend the Radicals and the PRESIDENT by asserting his authority as Prime Minister. The truth probably is that M. FERRY finds, as his predecessors have found, that the support of the moderate party in the Chamber goes for nothing. It is doubtful whether such a party exists; it is certain that if it does it is not in the least to be depended on. If M. GRÉVY preferred to accept M. FERRY's resignation rather than General THIBAUDIN's, and to fit a new Prime Minister on to the existing MINISTER of WAR, it is quite possible that the Republican majority

would find no fault with the arrangement. At all events M. FERRY feels no confidence in their support, and so refrains from pushing the quarrel with the Radicals to any desperate length.

Another incident that points in the same direction is the action taken by the MINISTER OF WORSHIP in regard to the bishops who have published the decree of the Congregation of the Index condemning certain manuals of civil and moral instruction. The Council of State has been asked to declare that the Archbishop of ALBI and four other bishops have been guilty of exceeding their powers by publishing an act of the Court of Rome which has not been verified and registered according to law, and treating a decree of a Roman Congregation of which the French Government know nothing as though it came directly from the POPE, with whom the French Government have relations defined by the Concordat. Probably to this charge the bishops have no legal answer. The Organic Laws, following in the line of previous legislation, do make it illegal for a bishop to receive any formal communication from Rome except through the medium of the Government, and though the bishops will perhaps plead that the Organic Laws are themselves a violation of the Concordat, this contention will certainly not be listened to by the Council of State. If a Minister wished to bring the whole machinery of the Concordat into contempt he could hardly do better than bring these bishops before the Council of State. In the days when this kind of legislation was first invented the Government might possibly have hoped to keep the bishops in ignorance of what had been done at Rome. The telegraph and the Special Correspondent have long made this impossible. Indeed, as though to make the absurdity of the whole affair more conspicuous, certain other bishops who have equally commented on the decree of the Congregation of the Index are not to be proceeded against because they had the prudence to remain silent until the decree had been published in the newspapers. Everything that a bishop had formerly to receive direct from Rome he now receives in precisely the same way as he receives any other piece of news. There seems no doubt that the technical right survives in the Government, and that the offence can still be technically committed by the bishops. But the whole meaning alike of the right and of the offence has passed away. The Government can order the bishops to cite the newspapers as their authority for stating that a decree has been issued, but they can do nothing more. Even this is but a barren right, since the Council of State has no means of giving effect to its decree. It can say that the bishops have exceeded their authority; but, having said this, its powers are exhausted. On the theory that the censure of the Council of State is a burden too heavy to be borne, this sanction is sufficient; on any other theory it has no meaning.

The Government see the weakness of the step they have taken, and they try to supplement it by another. The Council of State has been further requested to say whether the conduct of the bishops does not bring them within the range of the penal law. By two articles of the Criminal Code a minister of religion who holds any communication with a foreign Power upon matters relating to politics or religion may be punished by imprisonment or banishment. It seems unlikely that a court of law would hold that communications between a French bishop and the Pope would be communications within the meaning of the Code, and in that case the Government can take nothing by its move. But supposing that the court answers all the Ministerial expectations, and that certain bishops—all the bishops perhaps in the end—are either committed to prison or sent out of the country for the crime of holding communications with a sovereign who now has only a spiritual authority, what is to come of it? How will the Republic be strengthened by the spectacle of half a dozen bishops in prison or in exile? Whatever discontent is felt already in their dioceses will be felt still more, because the Roman Catholic population will have a positive grievance to resent. The return to the times of the First Revolution will be unmistakable when the first principles of religious liberty are disregarded, and bishops are taken away from their dioceses for no greater offence than that of holding communications with the head of their Church. The Prussian Government began a similar quarrel twelve years ago, and during all the time since it has not derived a single advantage from it. How

to administer the dioceses in the absence of their bishops has been a constant puzzle to it, and it has in the end been forced to go very near to confessing itself beaten in order to find a way out of the difficulty. What has failed in Prussia under the guidance of Prince BISMARCK will hardly succeed in France under the guidance of M. FERRY. The circumstances in which Prussia began the struggle were in every way more promising than those in which M. FERRY will begin it. The proportion of Catholics to the whole population is much smaller than in France, and it is no insult to the Republic to say that the Government is decidedly more stable. Probably, however, the question has been raised by the MINISTER of WORSHIP in the full conviction that the Council of State will say that the Penal Code does not apply to the offence. In that case the application must be set down as a mere piece of bravado, meant, if it is meant for anything, to gain some fraction of Radical favour for himself and his colleagues. If so, he has certainly reckoned without his host. No matter what Opportunists may do, they will still be hated by the Radicals on the single but sufficient ground that they are Opportunists.

“PHIZ” AT LIVERPOOL.

OWING to the immense popularity of the works of Charles Dickens, not to mention those of Lever, the drawings of Hablot Knight Browne as an illustrator of books were probably better known to Englishmen of the last generation than those of any other draughtsman; but it will be a surprise to many who knew and appreciated his illustrations to find that he was a painter in oils and water-colours, and that in depicting the action of animals he was almost unequalled. The Liverpool Art Club has now on view a memorial exhibition of his works, to the number of more than four hundred—among which there are several important oil-paintings, many water-colours, some of landscape only and some of landscape and figures combined, and innumerable drawings of all kinds apart from his illustrations. Browne's fate made him an illustrator. If that line of art had not been thrust upon him at an early age, he might have become a great painter, he would probably have written R. A. after his name, and his pictures might now have been selling at a high price; but it may be doubted whether he would have given greater pleasure or instruction to his countrymen, and it is hardly possible to believe that he would have been held in the same sort of affection by vast multitudes of people as he is as the delineator of Tom Pinch, Mr. Weller, senior, Pecksniff, Quilp, and Smike.

Seymour was chosen as the illustrator of *Pickwick*, but after the first few numbers had appeared he died. Another illustrator was needed. Thackeray and Browne competed, and Browne was employed. In some of the characters in *Pickwick*, notably in Mr. Pickwick himself, he was hampered by Seymour's original conception; otherwise we might have had a less impossible personage than the Pickwick of the illustrations, who is not like any human being in any age, but is a humorous and somewhat vulgar abstraction compounded of a fat Quaker and a stage Farmer. The mental conception of Dickens's characters is so much derived from the illustrations that it is difficult now to conceive in what form they would have been projected on the mind if the books had been destitute of Browne's drawings. When any man thinks of Quilp, of Codlin and Short, of Pecksniff, of the Shepherd, of Ralph Nickleby, of Squeers, and many other characters, we fancy the drawings are as much present to his mental vision as the text. It is almost impossible to separate them among people who have studied both, and it would be an interesting experiment to discover, in Mr. Pecksniff's fashion, how the “idea” of Tom Pinch or Quilp would be pictorially developed in a person who had only read the sixpenny editions of Dickens.

The oil-paintings in the Exhibition are those of a man not skilled in the craft. The drawing is always good, and the idea and intention of the painter are always present in the pictures, but the workmanship is crude and hard, which gives them an unpleasant tone. Of his water-colours, those which represent hunting scenes and “Dame Perkins's Ride to Market” seem to us to be the best. In the hunting scenes one cannot help being struck by a resemblance to Leech; but that, we think, is chiefly because hunting incidents are much the same everywhere. We confess it was a surprise to us to find that “Phiz” was in no way inferior to Leech in his drawing of animals, and indeed for humour, action, and correct drawing combined some of the hunting pieces are not to be surpassed. No. 401, which is called “Giving Old John a Warming,” and which represents three young ladies having a gallop on a down, strikes us as being admirable. One can almost feel the fresh breeze in the faces of the riders, and their figures and the movements of the horses, indeed all the action of the picture, is exceedingly forcible and thoroughly true. It will be observed that the horses are all represented according to the conventional manner of drawing horses galloping—that is to say, all their four legs are extended at once. This, according to Mr. Eadward Muybridge and his Zoopraxiscope, is wrong. Horses have one pair of legs tucked under them in galloping, while the

other pair is extended; and it is impossible for both pairs to be stretched out at the same moment. But, say the artists, a man must represent what he sees. When you see a horse at a gallop, the impression left on the mind is that of a horse with all the legs stretched out at once; therefore you must paint it so. Browne knew horses well; he knew his business too, and was of course well aware that animals do not put out all four legs at the same time. We therefore suspect that his version of the matter would be more true to nature according to the ideas of most people than Mr. Muybridge's if they could be seen side by side. The Irish sketches are full of pathos and humour. In the “Venus and Adonis” the artist shows his admirable power of delineating the action of men and animals by a few lines. There are many sketches of illustrations from his more recent books, but none, we believe, of the earlier ones. There is one very singular relic. It will be remembered that when the penny postage came in, the design of the envelope was entrusted to Mulready. Both Leech and Browne caricatured it; and here, side by side, are the original and the two caricatures.

The book illustrator's life is not a happy one. Sometimes he has to represent scenes which are entirely without interest; and then the work is of a very uphill kind; sometimes he gets a scrap of manuscript, or a verbal sketch of what he has to do, and when the book is printed he finds the text has been altered, so that his drawing has no precise reference to it. Authors are very apt to be late, and to give their draughtsmen little time for thought. Then the conscientious artist has to satisfy two minds, his own and the author's; he has to depict scenes which he has not imagined, and to keep up the resemblance of his characters throughout the work, and so to represent the same person in a dozen situations that nobody can doubt who he is. It is remarkable that Mr. Pickwick appears to have had but one suit of clothes; he appears in the same quaint costume while playing at whist with ladies in the Bath Assembly-rooms as he does in court at the trial of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, and indeed on all other occasions, except in the sliding scene, when he has his coat buttoned. Is it possible that in 1827 (the date of the Pickwick Club) elderly gentlemen did not put on black in the evening? Browne must have had a special aversion to Nicholas Nickleby, he never failed to represent him as a prig; and, while Ralph, Mantalini, Squeers, and Crummles are real personages, Kate Nickleby, Lord F. Verisopht, and Sir Mulberry Hawk are lay figures. Similar remarks may be made with regard to many other characters in the illustrations, the explanation being, probably that Browne had no sympathy with certain of Dickens's creations.

Hablot Browne was a simple-minded man who went about his business as a draughtsman much as other men go about other businesses. He had no idea of the regeneration of mankind by drawings; he was positively without affectation or ostentation. He could not help putting his mind into his work, and as he had a great stock of humour as well as pathos in his character, both show themselves largely in his drawings. *Pickwick*, when it came out, was looked upon as a burlesque; and it was in accordance with the views of the author and publishers, as well as with the spirit of the time, that the illustrations should be of a burlesque or “funny” character. They are certainly grotesque throughout. What may be called the serious vein of the artist is hardly represented in *Pickwick* or *Nicholas Nickleby*. In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, however, it comes out very distinctly. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between some of the farcical representations in *Pickwick* and *Nickleby* and the vignette of the dead body of Quilp lying deserted on the melancholy ooze of the river at low water. As time went on and Dickens became more serious, Browne's mind marched with his, until in *Bleak House* the burlesque almost entirely disappears. The illustrators of the present day draw more truthfully, but would find it difficult to reproduce the force and “go” of Browne.

The impression left on the mind by this exhibition is that in many respects Dickens and Browne resembled one another. Humour and pathos closely following one another—the one constantly used to heighten the effects of the other—a close observation of details and a keen knowledge of the effect to be produced by the comic treatment of details are common to the two men. But their resemblance in character could not have gone very deep. Dickens's sentiment is often sickly; Browne's never. Browne's sense of fun, as shown in the hunting-scenes, and notably in the Irish sketches, is something quite apart from that of Dickens. The grim and weird ideas depicted in the large oil-painting of “Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts,” one of the most popular mediæval subjects (150), in “Sintram and Death descending into the Dark Valley” (144), the sentiment in “Sic Transit” (9), in “Death's Revel,” in “Vanitas Vanitatum” (242), and in “Labour in Vain” (376), show that Browne, while he could play the jester, had ever before him the mystery of Life and Death, and was preaching to himself from the text of “Omnia Vanitas.” It is hard to describe pictures; but having mentioned “Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts,” it is right to explain that it is the largest and most ambitious of Browne's oil-paintings, and that it portrays three mounted knights, one youthful, one in the flower of manhood, and one old, who are suddenly met face to face by three spectral knights also mounted. Both parties are represented as having suddenly pulled up facing one another. The picture is, as we have before observed of the oil-paintings, poor in technique, but the feeling is extremely fine, and the horses, dogs, and men show Browne's most vigorous drawing, while the picture tells its story without the possibility of mistake; it is “as you are we were”

once; as we are you will be." The blind beggar playing before a deserted house in "Labour in Vain" is very touching, and the graceful figures of childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and old age in "Sic Transit" (9) touch a chord to which every spectator must respond.

The Liverpool Art Club deserves credit for having got together so many interesting and characteristic works of an interesting man, and this exhibition will make him live in the memories of many us an artist of far wider accomplishments than they had any idea of.

#### THE SCOTCH CROFTERS.

THAT the question of the Scotch crofters has reached a point at which it is of real importance to the country is a proposition which will only be denied by those who have not examined it. The recent disturbances in Skye, notwithstanding their threatened renewal, might not in themselves be regarded as of any extraordinary consequence. But the acknowledged existence of wide-spreading distress in the Highlands and islands, the appointment of a Commission to take evidence and report on the whole matter, and the endeavour made in the Press, partly by devotees of neo-Radical Socialism and partly by sentimental partisans of the Celts, to excite odium against the agents (past or present) in the depopulation of the Highlands make, when they are taken together with recent events in Ireland, an ominous conjunction of circumstances. The much smaller scale of the matter as compared with the similar events in Ireland, and the improbability of any agitation of the pseudo-Nationalist kind being fostered by the present heats, may reduce, but cannot destroy, the gravity of the situation, while the parallel case is there to show what may come of neglecting symptoms. As far as the present distress is concerned, the situation has been set forth by respectable authorities, and there is no doubt that it is a case for assistance. Lord Dunmore's very clear exposition of the circumstances at the Mansion House, and the letters of Lord Archibald Campbell and Mr. Mackenzie, the present proprietor of Kintail, supply evidence which, for its present purpose, is incontrovertible. What might be doubtful if it were said by Professor Blackie or by Mr. Wallace is not doubtful at all when it is vouchcd for equally by representatives of the Highland landlords by birth and the Highland landlords by money. On this, therefore, there can be no controversy, and the only question is how far the probable recurrence of this state of things is to be met. For details in answer to this question it will be well to wait for the Report of the Commission. But, unluckily, Reports of Commissions of late years have proved to be mere stubble in the fire of a previously-lighted-and-fanned popular prejudice, and to prevent the relighting of such a fire examination of the general question is absolutely imperative.

There may be said to be two general views on that question which may be summarized by the two words "implotionist" and "depletionist," though neither is very good English. According to a small but noisy school of writers and speakers, the whole woe comes from the depopulation of the Highlands at the end of the last and the beginning of the present centuries. The arguing of this question from the merely historical point of view is rendered difficult from the want of evidence which on one side at least is nearly absolute. To confirm the vision of smiling glens populated by a happy and well-nourished peasantry there is no historical testimony whatever; there is historical testimony, though of no extraordinarily abundant or precise character, to show that the condition of the Highlands in the purely patriarchal days was often as bad as it is now at its worst; that it was never much better, and that it was kept in check only by the habit of intertribal wars and the interest the chiefs had in allotting the spoil of the Lowlands, and the not very ample incomes that they derived from seigniorial rights and royal favour to the maintenance of their clans. In face of the defect of positive evidence, and the inclination of such of it as exists to the side opposed to them, the implotionists, if we may so call them, have naturally taken refuge in inflammatory appeals to sentiment as to the hardship inflicted in the "clearings." It is true that these appeals are absolutely *nihil ad rem* as far as the public question goes. Whatever may be the case in Ireland, the wildest Celtophile can hardly contend that it is possible to discover in Scotland at the present day heirs to the Macleods, Mackenzies, and Macgregors dispossessed properly or improperly a hundred years ago. Nor is the subsidiary wrangle whether sheep farms or deer forests must bear the blame (every one acquainted with the facts knows that it rests on sheep farms in the first place) really relevant. But in the present state of public feeling it may no doubt create a prejudice, though it cannot find an argument, to assert that the peasantry of two or three generations ago were unmercifully, not to say illegally, hounded out of house and home. It would still be a question with reasonable people whether they can be put back, or whether anything would be gained by putting them back; but the really important point is the odium likely to be excited, and sought to be excited, against a further carrying out of the policy of clearing.

Fortunately the case in which the most definite attempt has been made to revive this odium—the Strathnaver evictions of some seventy years ago—has not been allowed to go by default. The publication of various statements injurious to the memory of the late Mr. Patrick Sellar has provoked his descendants to make reply; and a considerable correspondence, part of which has

already appeared in different periodicals, will, we believe, be published in a few days, with comments, and a connected narrative on the subject. This document is likely to illustrate in a very remarkable way the kind of argument which is resorted to by modern Socialism and local prejudice. Professor Blackie has already announced in print his "disinclination to examine the evidence" on which he gives judgment, and this eccentric utterance of the leader is quite borne out by the followers. Confronted with evidence on the Strathnaver question, evidence produced in a court of law, resulting in a unanimous verdict (it must be remembered that Scotch verdicts are not necessarily, or even usually, unanimous), supported by an abject retraction and apology on the part of the original accuser, and uncontradicted to the present day save by the alleged unauthenticated reminiscences (put forth twenty-five years afterwards) of a single person, the denouncers of the clearings have made some of the most curious statements on record in such a matter. One says that whether the Strathnaver allegations be false or true, such things cannot be allowed to go on, the question being whether there ever were such things. Another, following suit, says that it is not the persons but the proceedings to which he objects, the proceedings being the point at issue. A third, capping the climax, declares that he forms his opinion on "the balance of the evidence," which in the circumstances can only be taken to mean that he chooses to look at the statements which a judge and fifteen jurymen did not believe, and to disregard the evidence which they did. But this matter will soon be in the hands of the public, and it is not necessary to expound its merits in detail. It simply comes to this—that in the one case where by their own confession positive evidence is obtainable, the opponents of the clearings form their opinion in the teeth of that evidence.

Matters of this sort however, though of great importance as illustrations of the main problem, and as such deserving to be kept in view, are, from the general point of the public interest, subsidiary to the general question, What is to be done? The crofter (who is a small tenant occupying a few acres, sometimes supplemented with hill pasture, and eking out his subsistence either with fishing, or farm service, or other *parerga*) and the cottier (or labourer with a hut, and in a few cases a tiny allotment) still exist in a few parts of the Highlands and in most of the islands, and it is among them that the present distress prevails. The implotionist recommends apparently lowering of rents, increase of pasturage privileges, "rooting in the soil," and all the rest of it, with a further implied, if not expressed, desire to see Highlands and islands covered with such tenancies, to the extinction of the "unsocial lust" of the sportsman and the depopulating trade of the large sheep-farmer. The depletionist argues that, independently of other considerations, the result of such a proceeding would be simply to perpetuate and extend the plague spot. In order to judge between them, a simple *résumé* of the facts is perhaps as good as anything else. The combination of fishing and farming does not at this moment succeed in any part of the British islands, and is not likely to succeed, because both occupations are precarious, because they interfere directly with each other, and because the habits created by the one interfere with the habits necessary for the other still more seriously. The extent of cultivable ground in the Highlands and islands is positively small, and cannot be increased except by the outlay of large capital. The inclemency of the climate makes occasional, not to say frequent, bad seasons certain, and the very small tenant, even if he has no rent to pay, cannot withstand frequent or even occasional bad seasons. Those districts in which there is most distress are those which have been least interfered with, on which most capital has been (without disturbing the crofters) expended, and in which occasional glimpses of prosperity have given the most encouragement to population, to the subdivision of holdings, and so forth. There has not been in the Highlands and islands any such desperate competition for land as is alleged to make exceptional legislation necessary in Ireland. With regard to what is called Celtic tenure there are no general complaints of eviction, except for non-payment of rent, in the islands, and in the Highlands the so-called Sutherland clearances, of which as much is heard, were in effect what many advanced patriots of Ireland recommend—the compulsory transmigration of the people from infertile and unsuitable land to suitable and tolerably fertile land. As for eviction solely for the purpose of sport, it is excessively rare and not defended by any Englishman.

This is a list of propositions to which the attention of the implotionists may be profitably devoted. Every one is, it is believed, unassailable in fact, and the tendency of every one is clearly towards the same conclusion. That conclusion is the reduction of crofter and cottier tenancy in the Highlands and islands as far as may be possible. The truth of the whole matter is rather a hard one to speak in a sentimental age, but it must be spoken. We must either have one thing or another. If crofter tenancies and tenancies like them are to be encouraged, the people must take the consequences. They cannot eat their cake in the shape of a certain independence and have it in the shape of periodical relief. If, on the other hand, mediæval tenures are to be restored, let us have mediæval conditions. Re-establish a Highland line, restore the right of private war, let *creaghs* be recognized as suitable methods of replenishing Highland larders, and acknowledge, on the other hand, the right of those who are "creagched" to thin the exuberant population of the glens in the old way. This impossible state of things would at any rate be logical. But if we are to live in the nineteenth century, let us live in it consistently. By all means let the starving crofter have bread

without his being obliged to ask for it at the dirk's point, and receive lead instead. But let him not insist as a right on a method of living which demonstrably leads to periodical starvation. It is that periodical starvation, and nothing else, which the self-constituted champions of these unlucky Ross-shire and Inverness-shire men are asking for them. They cry against deer forests, and simple fools believe apparently that if deer forests were abolished the rent would in some mysterious way be divided among scores and hundreds of crofters. About the severest punishment that could be wished for any disciple of Mr. George's would be to hand him over the Black Mount on nationalization principles, and let him see what he could make out of it. But it would perhaps be still more pertinent to establish Professor Blackie as perpetual mayor of a commune of some thousand crofters thereon, and make him directly responsible to them for their comfort and well-being.

#### HUGO GROTIUS.

THE observance last Tuesday at Delft of the tercentenary of Hugo Grotius—to give him the name by which he is known to the world—or, as he was called by his own countrymen, Huig van Groot, serves at once to remind us of a great memory and of the truth that prophets are so little apt to be honoured in their own country, during life, that it is usually left for the children to build the sepulchres of those whom their fathers have destroyed. Grotius was not indeed slain, but he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment by his native Government, and only escaped the full endurance of the penalty through the courage and ingenuity of his wife. So far as we are aware, the ceremony of Tuesday last, when the Prince of Orange attended to lay a wreath on his grave, and a subscription was organized for erecting a monument to him, represents the first tardy instalment of respect or reparation paid by Holland to her greatest jurist, if not her greatest citizen. However, if he has suffered the usual fate of a great prophet at home, he has enjoyed from his own day to ours an European celebrity. In spite of the marvellous criticism hazarded by De Quincey, whose pen was too apt to run away with him, on the principal work of Grotius, as a medley of "empty truisms and time-serving Dutch falsehoods" combined in equal quantities, the general verdict of competent judges was pretty fairly summed up the other day in a remark of the *Times*, that the author of *De Jure Belli et Pacis* had done more than any writer except Adam Smith to establish the working principles of modern society. His *Mare Liberum* may even be said to contain in germ at least the doctrine of Free Trade. Like many other great men Grotius was a prodigy of precocious genius, though infant prodigies by no means always verify the promise of their youth. At eight years old he composed good Latin verses; at twelve he entered on his University course at Leyden, where he came under the guidance of Scaliger; at fifteen he published an edition of Martianus Capella; at seventeen he edited the remains of Aratus, and took his degree of doctor of law, and began practice as an advocate. He had meanwhile published three Latin dramas on Scriptural themes, one of which, *Adamus Exul*, is said to have supplied hints to the author of *Paradise Lost*. At the age of twenty he was appointed historiographer to the United Provinces, and a year later he composed a treatise *De Jure Praecepit*, which was never published till 1868, but which in fact contains the ground plan of his best-known work, the treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, published twenty years later, in 1625. The *Mare Liberum*, printed without his sanction in 1609, and answered by Selden in his *Mare Clausum*, formed a chapter of the unpublished treatise *De Jure Praecepit*. In 1613, at the early age of thirty, Grotius succeeded Elias Oldenbarnevelt as Pensionary of the city of Rotterdam—an office he was not long allowed to retain—and the same year he came to England with a deputation sent from Holland to adjust the rising difference between the two maritime States, and was received with distinguished courtesy by James I., as afterwards at the Court of Louis XIII. But his visit to England also influenced him in another direction, and of this a word may now be said.

We have seen already that, in spite of his eminence as a jurist, Grotius was a man of very varied interests and acquirements, and was far from restricting himself to the study of the law. History, theology, politics, classics, even poetry, found a place, as well as jurisprudence, in his studies and his writings. And his chief interest, which led in fact to the great misfortune of his life, and may be said indirectly to have shaped his subsequent career, was theology. He had previously indeed given evidence of this, but his visit to England helped both to confirm and define it. He cultivated while in this country the society of leading ecclesiastics of the nascent High Church school, like Overall and Andrewes, and became intimate with Isaac Casaubon, who warmly commends the piety, probity, and profound learning of this "wonderful man," and "the rare excellence of his divine genius." The principles then implanted or fostered in his mind by the influence of the Caroline divines adhered to him through life. On his return to Holland he found the strife raging hotly between the Arminians and the Gomarists, or Anti-Remonstrants, as they were then designated (the Supralapsarian Calvinists) and took part very decidedly with the former. But Prince Maurice of Nassau dreaded the influence of Oldenbarnevelt, the Grand Pensionary, who was an Arminian, and determined therefore to support the so-called "orthodox," or extreme Calvinist party; in 1617 Oldenbarnevelt

was condemned to death and Grotius to confiscation of goods and imprisonment for life. He was accordingly on June 6, 1619, shut up in the fortress of Loevestein, and there he remained for nearly two years, during which period he wrote his famous treatise *De Veritate Christianae Religionis*. His wife was allowed to share his imprisonment, and in April 1621 she contrived his deliverance by placing him in a chest supposed only to contain books and dirty linen. The soldiers employed to carry it complained of the weight, and observed that "there must be an Arminian inside." His wife replied that there were Arminian books in it. He made his escape to Paris, where Louis XIII. received him graciously, and promised him an annual pension of 3,000 livres, which, like other French pensions of that day, was never paid, and he was reduced to great poverty. At this time he composed the work on which his reputation chiefly rests, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, based however in large measure, as has been before observed, on his earlier unpublished treatise, *De Jure Praecepit*. He was prompted to write it by the same sort of feeling which inspired another important work of a religious nature to be noticed presently, his love of peace. It distressed him to witness the spectacle presented throughout Christendom of "war waged with license even barbarous nations might be ashamed of, for trivial reasons or for no reasons at all"; he was writing amid all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. The title of the work, which has been translated into every European language, gives a very inadequate conception of its real scope. It is in truth a treatise on moral, social, and international law, and may be said to exhibit the first serious attempt to establish on independent grounds a principle of right and basis for society and government. Hallam has drawn out a careful abstract of it, and Mackintosh pronounced it to be "perhaps the most complete that the world has yet owed, at so early a stage in the progress of any science, to the genius and learning of one man." That the superadded knowledge and experience of two centuries and a half show his theory to be in some respects defective is no disparagement to the high merits of the work.

Nor were his theological writings less remarkable in their way. We have spoken already of his *De Veritate Religionis Christianae*, which became a classical manual of Christian Apologetics, and was translated not only into most European, but several Oriental languages. Another considerable work was his Commentary on Holy Scripture. But he is more likely to be remembered for two theological treatises on what were then burning questions of the day. One is the *Defence of the Catholic Faith on the Satisfaction of Christ*, written in vindication of the doctrine of the Atonement against Socinianism, which however advocates a modification of the Lutheran rather than the Catholic view of the subject. The *Vita et Votum ad Pacem Ecclesiasticam*, published only three years before his death, may be said to have given the first powerful impetus from the Protestant side to the Reunion movement of the seventeenth century, taken up so warmly on the same side by Calixtus among his contemporaries and afterwards by Molanus and Leibnitz, and which met with a cordial response later in the same century from men like Bossuet and Spinola acting with the sanction and encouragement of Pope Innocent XI. Mr. Mark Pattison, who compares Grotius to Erasmus, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, says that both of them, though for very different reasons, felt the same "indifference to dogma," which Erasmus put aside with the superior contempt of a scholar for monkish wrangles, while Grotius wished to get rid of it, as an impediment to religious unity and concord. That however is hardly an accurate way of stating the case. Grotius betrays in his treatise on the Atonement a very keen eye—one might say the keen insight of a jurist—for theological subtleties. But he had an overpowering conviction of the supreme importance of unity and authority, and was willing to go a long way to meet the Catholic party in order to secure these great religious sanctions. On the necessity, for instance, of a centre of unity he spoke very decidedly, and hence he was ready to concede to the Papacy quite as much as the Gallican school of that day would have cared to claim; he defended many Tridentine doctrines in detail, and thought the schism of the Reformation had done more harm than good. It is quite intelligible that an Amsterdam preacher should have denounced him as "papist," and that reports of his conversion to Rome should have been rife in many quarters. Hallam, who thinks he had "a bias towards Popery," expresses his conviction that, had Grotius lived a little longer, he certainly "would have taken the easy leap that still remained." It may be true, as Mr. Pattison insists, that he looked at the matter rather from the standpoint of a statesman than of a divine, from his intense appreciation of the need of ecclesiastical organization and unity, but he had also a very deep sentiment of piety, and his religious leanings—vivified perhaps by the Calvinist intolerance to which he had himself been subjected—pointed in a Catholic rather than a Protestant direction. He avowedly much preferred the Anglican Church to continental Protestantism.

His historical works, among which the chief place must be assigned to the *Annals of the Low Countries* published after his death, are of less permanent interest than his theological and juridical treatises. But the many-sidedness of his mind, his vast erudition, his wide range both of thought and sympathy, and his curious anticipation in many respects of principles repudiated or ignored at the time, but which have since then passed into general acceptance, constitute his characteristic excellence and his claim to rank among the foremost pioneers of human progress. The bent of his genius was speculative rather than practical, and in diplomatic

life he attained to no great success. His mission was to lay down principles, which it was left to others to develop and apply. Like Erasmus he was a born man of letters, but unlike Erasmus he felt a keen and absorbing interest in the moral and religious welfare of mankind. His great political treatise was prompted by a genuine desire to promote the good government and harmony of Christian nations, and to abate the horrors of war. His great ecclesiastical treatise was designed, not to minimize the importance of Christian dogma, but to enforce the paramount obligations of Christian unity, and exhibit what appeared to him the grave religious evils and dangers of a state of schism. Whatever abstract preference he might entertain for particular Protestant doctrines, he not only did not love but intensely loathed "the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." Such a man was scarcely intelligible to the Protestants of his own day in France and Holland, with whom he remained in outward communion, while his nominal Protestantism was a scandal and perplexity to contemporary Catholics. The man who most thoroughly appreciated—one might indeed say shared—his religious position was Casaubon. He had, as Döllinger observes, "insisted far more strongly than Calixtus on the profound and extreme divergence of Protestantism from the Church of the early centuries, and the necessity of either seeking reunion with the ancient Church, or at least restoring much which had been rejected." But whatever might have occurred, as Hallam not unreasonably conjectures, if his life had been prolonged, he did not in fact see his way to a change of communion when it was urged on him by his Gallican friends during his residence in France. His health had never been robust, and the end came rather suddenly at last, after a brief visit to the court of Queen Christina of Sweden, where he was cordially welcomed, but did not find himself at home. He died in 1645 at the age of sixty-two. It is truly remarkable that, in a life of less than average length and more than average trouble and vicissitude, he should have accomplished so much as he did. In an age of multiplied discoveries and feverish competition such many-sidedness as his becomes almost or altogether impossible. But it would be difficult to name another in his own or perhaps in any age who has earned a high and permanent, if not equal, celebrity, at once as a scholar, a jurist, an historian, and a divine.

#### ASSASSINATIONS IN CORSICA.

IN a recent article we drew a comparison between the English conquest of Ireland and the French conquest of Corsica. Another, and a still more interesting, comparison may be drawn between the deeds of bloodshed which are the disgrace of both the dependent islands. In both the same striking contrast is found to exist—frequent assassinations and a general absence of the ordinary kinds of crime. In Ireland, as has been often shown, there are few common robbers and few common murderers. The traveller, even though his purse be full, may sing in the presence of a man who would shoot at his landlord from behind a hedge, and would stab a juryman for having done his duty. In the worst days tourists have travelled in perfect safety even in Galway. Corsica is both better and worse than Ireland. There is much less ordinary crime, but murders are far more common. There is very little thieving, while robbery by violence would seem to be almost unknown. There are in the wilder parts of the country many outlaws, assassins who have fled both from justice and the vengeance of the kinsmen of those whom they have murdered. These bandits, as they are called, certainly get most of their food by a kind of black-mail that they levy on the neighbouring inhabitants. Nevertheless, the roads are quite safe. Tourists wherever they go have no greater terrors to fear than the dirtiest and meanest of lodgings and the coarsest fare. In all but a very few places they will be preyed on by insects at night, while by day they will fail to get even bread that is eatable; but they may count on meeting with great civility and honesty. An old hag was once indeed heard to urge a peasant to murder an Englishman to whom he was acting as a guide, because, she said, the English had murdered her Prince. It was shortly after the young Prince Louis Napoleon had met his death among the Zulus. But the advice, if seriously meant, was not followed, and strangers are safe everywhere. Badly as Ireland stands among civilized countries when it is as to the sanctity of human life that the comparison is drawn, yet, as we have said, Corsica stands far worse. "These matters they do not order better in France." Yet though murders are far more numerous in the Mediterranean island, the danger is of a very different kind. There is no one class that is more exposed to assassination than another. Those who hold land are just as safe as those who have none, while a Frenchman born is perhaps safer than a native Corsican. The murders almost all fall into two classes. Either they are the result of a tavern brawl, or they spring from that *vendetta* which for so many ages has been the bane and the disgrace of the country. Crime in Corsica, therefore, is in one respect far less dangerous than in Ireland, for it strikes neither at society nor at Government. It is in no wise organized.

But, on the other hand, there does not seem to be that horror of murder which in England is found everywhere, and in Ireland is, at all events, widespread among certain classes. We have examined with curiosity some of the Corsican newspapers, and we have been astonished to find how a murder seems to excite scarcely any public interest. In the month of March, this year, a

man was assassinated in a tavern at Ajaccio. Yet in the *Journal de la Corse*, the leading paper of the town, and indeed of the island, not the slightest mention has been made of the crime. In this little town, with a population of about eighteen thousand, there have this winter been four murders, and one attempt at murder, in four months. We have no reason to believe that there is anything uncommon in this. No one shows any amazement. The population of the town is about one-twentieth of that of Dublin. What a cry of horror would have been raised not only in the British Isles, but also in the whole civilized world, had eighty persons been murdered and twenty wounded between the middle of November and the middle of March in the Irish capital!

We have looked through all the back numbers of the *Journal de la Corse* from October 24 to April 3, with the exception of those for three weeks in December, of which we were not able to get a copy. We have also examined the Bonapartist organ, the *Réveil*. But this paper, beyond an article on *le banditisme* in general, does not, so far as we have been able to discover, so much as even mention in the barest manner possible a single act of assassination. It is quite clear, therefore, that in going to the newspapers for our statistics of murder, so far from overstating the case, we shall keep well within the truth. In the 20 weeks of which we have a record we find 32 cases of attempted murders. Of these attempts only 3 failed altogether. Thirteen men were wounded more or less severely, while 16 were either killed on the spot or were wounded mortally. Of the 29 men who committed these 32 crimes, 5 are reported as unknown, 8 as arrested, and 16 as having "pris la campagne." "Il a pris la campagne" is a very common expression in the mouths of Corsicans. The wild mountainous country, thickly covered as it so generally is with low shrubs, affords a ready covert, and for it the assassins at once make.

Nothing is more striking than the brevity with which these crimes are reported in the newspapers. All the cases together do not fill nearly so many lines as with us are commonly given to the first report of a murder. The month of February had seemed to be singularly free from crime; but in the *Journal de la Corse* for March 6 we find the record for the month thus given:—

Un double assassinat à l'aide d'une arme à feu a eu lieu à Poggio-di-Nazza. Les nommés Morelli Godefroi et Casabianca Ours-Antoine ont été assassinés. Le meurtrier est en fuite.

Le 15 février, à Coti-Chiavari, le nommé Guiguelmi Laurent a été assassiné et son beau-père, Antonia François, a été blessé mortellement au moyen d'une arme à feu par le sieur Canavaggio François, dit Franzichello. Le criminel a pris la fuite.

Le 26 février, à Borgo, un meurtre au moyen d'une arme à feu a été commis sur le nommé Lenzi Gilda, par le sieur Pisani Nicodème. La mort a été instantanée. Ensuite Pisani a également tiré deux coups de revolver sur les sieurs Michel Regnero et Lenzi Jacques. Les blessures sont très-graves. Le criminel est en fuite.

Le 27 février le sieur Peretti Dominique, propriétaire à Sari d'Orcino, a été trouvé assassiné. La victime a reçu dix coups de poignard. L'assassin est inconnu.

Le 26 février à Ste-Marie-Siché une tentative de meurtre au moyen d'un coup de pistolet a été commise sur le nommé Scapula Paul, par le sieur Picchetti Pierre. Les blessures sont très-graves. L'auteur a pris immédiatement la campagne.

Le 27 février, à Cervione, le nommé Calendini, Joseph, menuisier, a blessé mortellement d'un coup de poignard la nommée Martin, Cécile, âgée de 18 ans, demeurant au même lieu. Le meurtrier a pris la fuite.

This one month's horrid record of bloodshed is for a population less by 100,000 than that of Dublin. In Corsica there are about one-quarter of a million of inhabitants. The whole of this large island has fewer people by some thousands than the single town of Sheffield, and about the same number as Cumberland, Wiltshire, or Tipperary. Ireland, with its five millions, has a population just twenty times as large. But in Ireland in its blackest days what month of February ever showed a record of bloodshed twenty times as bad as this?

When we come to look into the causes of this dreadful lawlessness, we find, as we might expect, that the law itself is miserably weak. Corsica had for ages been infamous for its assassinations; but Paoli, by his stern but just government, had done much to bring them to an end. He visited the crime with death on whatever pretence it had been committed. How feebly the hand of justice now falls is seen by the report of the last December's Assizes. Thirteen men in all were brought up on a charge of murder, and three of attempted murder. Two of these cases were put off till the next assizes, three men were acquitted, and two were brought in guilty of the lesser charge of unlawfully carrying arms. The remaining nine were found guilty. In six of these cases the jury found that the crime had been committed under provocation, and in the other three with extenuating circumstances. One man was sentenced to penal servitude for life, one to imprisonment for ten years, and the others to imprisonment for five years. In two cases the convict, after he had finished his time in prison, was for a certain term of years to remain under the supervision of the police. The Corsican newspapers are not indeed indifferent to this monstrous evil. From time to time they examine its causes and suggest remedies. The Bonapartist paper accounts for the rise and fall of *le banditisme* on a principle the very reverse of that by which the Poet Laureate in the *Rejected Addresses* accounted for the rise of the price of butcher's meat and the Luddites:—

L'Empire, en s'établissant sur les bases larges du suffrage universel, avait pu doter le pays d'institutions solide et assurer un fonctionnement régulier de la justice et de l'administration.

La vigilance, l'impartialité, la sévérité, des magistrats ne laissaient impunis aucun affront, aucun dommage, aucun délit. Personne en Corse n'avait besoin de recourir aux armes pour obtenir justice et réparation. Le banditisme n'avait plus de raison d'être et il ne fut plus.

C'est la république qui nous a ramené le fléau.

The *Journal de la Corse* urges that the law which has long existed against carrying arms should be rigorously enforced. So far is this from being the case that "les poches sont remplies de révolvers et de stylets, et les porteurs de cet arsenal d'engins meurtris circulent librement au milieu des citoyens inoffensifs." In the very churches, at the elevation of the mass, a strange and a saddening sight is seen. The notables of the parish, men "qui passent pour les moins farouches," as they kneel down devoutly let a glimpse be seen of a big revolver which their waistcoat had hidden so long as they were standing upright. There is a widespread belief in the island, as we learn from a circular lately addressed by the Procureur-Général of Bastia to all the Procureurs de la République, that a man may carry small-arms so long as he carries them openly. This is not the case. Daggers and pocket-pistols must not be carried at all. The colonel of the Gendarmerie is to see that this law is enforced. The *Journal de la Corse*, it is clear, has not much faith in anything being done. All suspected people, it urges, must be strictly searched, however disagreeable "cette formalité inquisitoriale" may be. The baggage of the villagers is ransacked at the octroi at the entrance of every town, and this search after arms, it maintains, would be of much the same kind. It would go even further, and forbid the carrying of arms of all kinds. To save the crew, it says, we must throw overboard the baggage; that is to say, we must ask for Corsica "la prohibition radicale du port d'armes." But, replies another newspaper, before we disarm our citizens we must first arrest all our outlaws. It will never do to expose honest men "aux coups d'un ennemi embusqué." If arms are to be carried till Corsica is cleared of its bandits, then, we fear, they will be carried for ever. For so long as they are carried there will be fresh acts of assassination, and fresh cases of men "qui ont pris la campagne."

#### ROBERT MACAIRE.

IN 1823, exactly fifty years ago, Frédéric Lemaître was just the age of the century. Born in 1800, he was already a man of many hardships and experiences. He had been a day boy at the Collège Sainte-Barbe; he had studied architecture; he had worked in a lawyer's office; he had travelled on his own account in groceries; he had practised elocution under Lafon at the Conservatoire, had been plucked at an examination at the Odéon, had come out as the Lion in *Pyrame et Thisbé* at the Variétés-Amusantes, mimed and danced with Debureau at the Funambules, fought and mouthed and gesticulated at Franconi's, and played Pylade and Arcas and the confidants of the classic repertory at the second Théâtre-Français. Then he had got an engagement at the Ambigu-Comique to try his hand in melodrama; and, after some months of Pixérécourt and his kind, he had been cast for the chief part in a new play, the production of Benjamin Antier and Saint-Amand, in collaboration with a certain Dr. Polyanthe. This work, to the accomplishment of which there had been tasked three several wits, was called *L'Auberge des Adrets*. It may fairly be described as one of the worst pieces ever played. It is poorly imagined, and so badly constructed that, revived in 1832, it was found to go better in two acts than in three; its personages are the pitriest dummies, the shabbiest and limpest of the lay-figures of melodrama; its style, at once bombastic and inept, is a libel upon the French tongue. It was too feeble and too shapeless even for a transpontine audience; and it was very heartily damned. But the public had reckoned without its Frédéric. Young, daring, beautiful as Apollo, devoured with ambition and the consciousness of genius, the actor had taken his measures to succeed. In studying his part one night he had amused himself by playing it as the broadest farce. Considered as an opportunity of impudence and extravagance, it had seemed to him to promise much. He had communicated the idea to Firmin, his second in the play, and Firmin "la trouva sublime." Together they worked out the plan, created the personages, invented the costumes, and arranged the effects; and when, after the fall of the piece, they proposed their work to the authors, they were allowed to do as they pleased. The rest is historical; for the parts thus turned topsy-turvy, the personages thus endowed with life and vigour, were no other than Bertrand and Robert Macaire.

It was an idea of genius, and its success was instant and complete. Frédéric, in his *Mémoires*, which have been described as "his worst impersonation," would have us believe that it was carried out on the first night of the piece, and without the authors' knowledge. But the facts appear to be as we have said. As produced by MM. Antier, Saint-Amand, and Polyanthe, the *Auberge des Adrets* began by being thoroughly damned. As rearranged by Frédéric and his accomplice, it went on to be one of the great and enduring successes of the Romantic epoch. The thing was never doubtful for an instant. "Quand on vit," says Frédéric, "ces deux bandits venir se camper sur l'avant-scène dans cette position tant de fois reproduite, affublés de leurs costumes devenus légendaires; Bertrand avec sa houppelande grise, aux poches démesurément longues, les deux mains croisées sur le manche de son parapluie, debout, immobile, en face de

Macaire, qui le toisait crânement, son chapeau sans fond sur le côté, son habit vert rejeté en arrière, son pantalon rouge tout rapiécé, son bandeau noir sur l'œil, son jabot de dentelle et ses souliers de bal, l'effet fut écrasant." It was the birth of a new type. For the first time in art the *genus Blackguard* became incarnate in the person of an artist of genius. The vulgar ruffian imagined by Saint-Amand and the ingenious Polyanthe had given place to a personification of all the vices of civilization. In Frédéric's hands Macaire was at once elegant and vile, sinister and superb, atrocious and admirable, utterly depraved and scandalously attractive; a mixture of Lacaïre and Scapin, and of Don Juan and Cartouche; believing nothing, respecting nothing, and fearing nothing; a bestial cynic, a heartless profligate, a villainous exquisite; a creature remote from morality, absolutely irreverent, innately and perfectly corrupt, and altogether incapable of cowardice or ungracefulness or remorse. "You laughed at him," says Mr. G. H. Lewes, "and you would have killed him like a rat;" "Gaité terrible," writes Théophile Gautier, "éclat de rire sinistre, sarcasme qui laisse bien en arrière la froide méchanceté de Mephistophélès, et par dessus tout cela une élégance, une souplesse, une grâce étonnante qui sont comme l'aristocratie du vice et du crime"; "La dernière expression de la philosophie des bagnes," cries honest Janin, "le sourire de l'assassin, la bonne grâce du voleur de grand chemin, l'idéal de l'échafaud, le génie du hain et du paradoxe, le déguenillé en débauche de vin, d'amour, et de raillerie"; "a compound of Fielding's Blueskin and Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs," remarks the philosophical author of the *Paris Sketch-Book*, whose account of the piece, by the way, is a veritable chapter of errors. It is evident that the personage conceived and created by this daring young man of three-and-twenty was organic and complete enough to produce the effect of what is in its way heroic art. It is evident, too, that Frédéric's impersonation of his own conception was such as is seen but once in a century—was of its kind an entire and perfect chrysolite of histrionic achievement, taking rank with the masterpieces of acting, and set as far beyond imitation as beyond oblivion.

For the rest, it was Frédéric's favourite part. He was great in all he did, but he was greatest of all in Macaire. He was the hero of Dumas's *Napoléon Bonaparte* (he told Banville that he played the Emperor "much as he would have played Achilles"); and he was the original Richard Darlington and the original Kean. He was Ruy Blas in Hugo's five-act poem, and Tragaldabas in Vacquerie's romantic farce, and Jacques Ferrant in the grimy melodrama contrived out of the *Mystères de Paris* by Goubaux and Eugène Sue. He was all *Paillasse* and *Don César de Bazan*, all *Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Joueur* and *Le Docteur Noir* and *Le Chiffonnier de Paris*; he was Lamartine's Toussaint, and Hugo's Gennaro, and Shakespeare's Othello, and Goethe's Mephistopheles, and Balzac's Vautrin. But he was, before everything else, the archetypal Scamp of his first creation. The part appears to have fitted him better than any other, to have been, in fact, a perfect opportunity for the exercise of his incomparable powers. To Heine, who knew him well, there was an "astonishing affinity" between him and Kean. The English actor, says the great critic, was "une de ces natures exceptionnelles qui, par certains mouvements subits, par un son de voix étrange, et par un regard plus étrange encore, rendent visibles, non pas les sentiments vulgaires de chaque jour, mais tout ce que le cœur d'un homme peut enfermer d'inoui, de bizarre, de ténébreux. Il en est de même chez Frédéric Lemaître." Of the actor's exercise of this tremendous capacity, this moving and dreadful faculty of revelation, there is no finer record than Dickens's account of him and his effects in *Trente Ans*, which is one of the most memorable pages in the literature of dramatic criticism. We can imagine what it must have been in the darker passages of the Macaire, wherein it was heightened and relieved by his enormous and peculiar gift of fun. "C'est un farceur sublime," says Heine in his next sentence, "dont les terribles bouffonneries font pâlir de frayeur Thalie et sourire de bonheur Melpomène"; while Hugo, in the oration delivered over the actor's tomb, after remarking that "la terreur doublée de rire" is what "émeut le plus complètement les foules," claims for him the possession of this double talent, and adds that is why he was "parmi tous les artistes dramatiques de son époque le comédien suprême." As it seems to us, this "laughter" of his must have been rather hard and cruel than kindly and humane, not that of Falstaff, but that of a Scapin-Valmore, not the laughter of the true humourist, but that of the professional blagueur. Frédéric, in fact, was not a jester, but a satirist and a cynic. It would no doubt be going very much too far to say that his Macaire was a parody heroically ignoble of himself, and of his life and talent and ambition. It seems certain, however, that he found it in his own heart, and that he had a strong personal interest in his hero, and a strong personal liking for his hero's achievements. His existence appears to have been of the stormiest; he had all the talents, all the appetites, all the follies and failings and weaknesses; he did as he pleased, ruled his theatres with a rod of iron, would brook no greatness but his own, and ran through money and fame and genius as furiously as Kean himself. Is it wonderful that he should have returned to his Macaire again and yet again as he did? that he should have regarded it, as he seems to have done, as the purest and strongest expression of himself he had been permitted to achieve? As he saw the part, it was a criticism visible of society; and under his hands it gradually developed into a jest upon all human action and a caricature of all human experience. The *Auberge des Adrets* presently became too narrow a vehicle

for the expression of his thought. It was revived in 1832 at the Porte Saint-Martin; and for the revival Frédéric invented the scene of the murder of the gendarme. Macaire is seized; he struggles; he escapes to a stage-box. There he slays his pursuer and hurl the corpse on to the boards. Presently he is captured, he and Bertrand both. "Qu'a-t-on à nous reprocher?" he enquires of the public. "Quelques escroqueries gracieuses, une trentaine de vols de bonne compagnie, cinq ou six assassinats . . . à peine." "Et le gendarme de tout à l'heure," adds Bertrand. "Qu'est-ce que ça prouve?" says Macaire; and he brings down the curtain with a moral tag:—

Tous les mouchards et les gendarmes,  
Ça n'empêche pas les sentiments.

This, it will be admitted, is somewhat excessive in itself. As conveyed by an actor of genius—with voice, face, imagination, gesture, the mesmeric quality, all in incomparable measure—it must have seemed magnificently offensive. But it was not enough for Frédéric. Two years afterwards, at the Folies-Dramatiques, he produced, in collaboration with Saint-Amand and Benjamin Antier, the farce of *Robert Macaire*, in four acts and six tableaux. Macaire he played himself; Bertrand he gave over to the actor Serres; and between them the pair did wonders. The piece—which was afterwards printed, and of which, in spite of Frédéric's action against the publisher Barba, copies are still to be had—is neither well constructed nor well written. It is touched with genius, however, and its conception would not discredit Balzac himself. Besides Macaire and Bertrand, the principal characters are the virtuous Baron de Wormspire, a venerable blackleg, and his daughter Eloa, the true child of her father. The intention throughout is savagely and daringly ironical. It is a harlequinade of certain aspects of human experience, a travesty in action of certain elements in human morality. Macaire and Bertrand figure in all sorts of capacities—as philanthropists, as financiers, as persons in society; and after committing all manner of enormities, they depart this world, victorious and triumphant, in a magnificent balloon. It is poor reading enough; but it is easy to see that, played by Frédéric, it must have been admirable to see. What is more to the purpose is that it suggested to Daumier and the indefatigable Philipon an idea that two years afterwards took shape in the immortal "Cent-et-un Robert Macaire."

In France, at the last revival of *Robert Macaire* (1880), the hero of the play was Bertrand, who was played by Dally, the Macaire of *Gil-Naza* being by no means remarkable. In England, where the *Auberge des Adrets* and the *Macaire* itself were played by Frédéric in 1836, the type, albeit in some sort popular, has never been extravagantly successful. Macaire and Bertrand (or Jacques Strop, as we call him) are too French in essence and too poor in substance to become with us the legendary figures they are in France. Actors will continue to play them, for they are famous parts, and they have always been acted by famous players. But if they are taken seriously, it is but as *tours de force*; and if they are not taken seriously, they are not worth discussing. The best proof that the *Macaire* tradition is but lightly esteemed among us is found in the fact that Fechter, with all his talent and accomplishment, could make nothing of the part, and that Mr. Irving, who is said to play it to perfection, has never thought it worth his while to face in it the criticism of a London audience.

#### YACHT-RACING.

THE opening of the yacht-racing season is now near at hand, and the Thames Clubs have already published their list of matches; but nevertheless the Council of the Yacht-Racing Association do not think it too late to pass a new rule of measurement. It is only fair to the Council, however, to say that, having approved the new rule themselves, they consider apparently that it is already passed; and that, in calling on the members of the Association to accept their decision, they are going through a mere form. According to the notice which has appeared, a general meeting of the Y.R.A. is to be held next week, not to consider, but to "confirm," the rule determined on by the Council. Club Committees and similar bodies usually submit their proposals to members; but with the Association it would seem that the Council is, like a Board of Directors, practically absolute, and when they have resolved to make a change, the members have only to register their decision. It may perhaps appear strange that a public or quasi-public body which now governs all yacht-racing should have such a Venetian constitution; but the Council must be assumed to be right in the view they take of their own statutes, which there is certainly no necessity to discuss here. Whether, however, the power which these regulations give them has been wisely used is a question which may well be considered, as it must interest all those who care for what has sometimes been called the national sport. The new rule which is to be passed, or at all events formally passed, after the programmes of some clubs have been prepared, makes a radical change in the method of fixing a yacht's tonnage for racing purposes, as for measurement by length and breadth it substitutes measurement by length and sail area. To the proposed system a serious objection exists, as it perpetuates the old error of

taxing or penalizing one dimension; but of this we have already spoken, and it would be superfluous to repeat what we recently said on the subject. Apart from the merits or demerits of the rule, what now demands attention is the extreme inexpediency of making such a radical change so late in the day and in such a rapid and arbitrary manner. The existing rule is no doubt faulty, but it is based on a rule which prevailed for long, and it was passed after full consideration and discussion. Naturally enough, it was expected that the amended regulation would hold good for some little time without other than slight modifications, and on this very reasonable supposition yachts of a certain type have been built and are being built. Now, at the last moment, a radical change is made which, not impossible, may considerably alter the nominal tonnage of some of these vessels, and place them at a great disadvantage for racing. This, no doubt, is not an insuperable objection to the introduction of a novel method, as if it is conclusively shown that a new departure is necessary, the interests of individual yacht-owners must yield to those of yacht-owners generally; but at the same time it seems clear that, if such a change is to be made, it should not be hastily effected, but that there should be full discussion of the proposed system, and that ample time should be given to members of the yachting world to consider it. Under no circumstances can it be fair to make a vital alteration so hastily that the owners of yachts begun under one rule suddenly find that their vessels are to be rated under another, and that they are not to have even one season's sailing at what they imagined would be Y.R.A. tonnage. The new rule, it is true, is put forward, not as supplanting the present one, but as an alternative method, and possibly it is merely intended as a substitute for a handicapping rule or system. If, however, this is the intention of its authors they have not taken means for carrying it out, as, in the event of the rule being formally passed in the manner proposed, there will be nothing to prevent clubs from adopting the new system for all their matches, and probably several of them will do so, in which case some hapless owners who have built under the existing law may find that there is no amusement open to them save that of deciding the much-debated question whether racers of the latest type make good cruisers or not.

As need hardly be said, the reason for making the proposed change is the necessity that is supposed to exist for adopting some plan that will induce more owners to bring their vessels to contend at regattas. Last year there were many complaints about the paucity of entries, and yacht-racing is thought to be sadly on the decline. In this feeling there is perhaps some exaggeration. The number of vessels that contend is now no doubt much smaller than it was; but, if yachts are few, they are better vessels than those of former times, and are handled with consummate skill. From what has been published in various papers, it would appear that the regular racing vessels of the first and second class this year will be the *Samana*, *Vanduara*, *Erycina*, *Lorna*, *Miranda*, *Sleuthhound*, *Silver Star*, *May*, a new cutter of 70 tons, a splendid steel yawl of about 120 tons, and a new forty. Now this certainly seems a promising fleet, quality making up for quantity; and perhaps the amateurs who at various ports witness the contests between these vessels will not think that they are worse off than the amateurs of other days who saw larger squadrons engaged. If, however, they do lament and think that their lot is cast in evil days, it is to be feared that that nothing which the Council of the Y.R.A. can do will aid them much, even though it passes two or three new rules of measurement annually. The present paucity of entries is usually attributed to the great expense of building and maintaining a modern racing yacht. This may possibly in some small part account for the diminished number of racers; but we very much doubt whether it accounts for it altogether. Is it not rather to be attributed to the increased popularity of steam? Probably many men who, in former days, would have built large racers now have steam-yachts constructed, and the racing fleet is small, not because it costs so much to set afloat a fast ship, but because it is thought that money can be much more profitably invested in a vessel which is independent of the wind than in a sailing-yacht however good. Then even those who are willing to build costly sailing-vessels have to reflect that they may find it by no means easy to part with them, should they at any time desire to do so. Formerly the owner of a successful racing craft could generally sell her for a fair price when her career was drawing towards its close, or when the time had come for relegating her to the ranks of the fast cruisers. Now, however, though forty and twenty-ton yachts may be sold without very great difficulty, it would seem, judging from advertisements which have from time to time appeared in the *Field*, that the very best vessels of the first class may prove unsaleable, or, at all events, may be put into the market and remain unsold. The reason is probably identical with that which we have just referred to. Those who formerly would have bought costly sailing-vessels now buy steamers. The fact is perhaps to be regretted; but, be it lamentable or not, nothing that the Council of the Y.R.A. or any other body can do will in the least alter matters, and the lovers of yacht-racing had much better content themselves with a small racing fleet than attempt by rules to arrest a change which rules can no more check or avert than they can affect the weather.

If, however, the Council, autocratic though it may be, cannot prevent people from buying what they like with their own money, it can certainly do some valuable work by which the yacht-racing world would be much benefited. It

might, for instance, without any attempt at dictation, point out to Clubs the inexpediency of allowing the forties to sail against the larger vessels. The experience of last season showed that in ordinary weather it is quite impossible for the first-class yachts to give the smaller ones their time. To contend with them is, unless there is a strong breeze, to encounter almost certain defeat. Now the most spirited yacht-owner will not care to encounter certain defeat again and again; and if the forties sail in first-class matches, they will probably before long have the waters to themselves, as the larger vessels will not start. Much as the forty-ton cutters are admired, no one can wish to see additional matches between them substituted at regattas for matches between the bigger craft, and it is greatly to be desired that the rule which places the limit at forty-one tons should be universally observed. Possibly the limit might, with advantage, be changed altogether, and fixed at sixty, seventy, or eighty tons; but this question we do not wish to consider now. That the limit of forty-one tons is not too high, and that it, at all events, should be adhered to, is certain, and the Y.R.A. Council would do well if they drew the attention of Committees to this fact, and pointed out to them that the ultimate consequence of allowing second-class yachts to sail with those of the first class must be not to increase, but to decrease, the number of vessels that contend at regattas. It is natural that those who have all the trouble of organizing matches and have to find the money for the prizes should wish to be recompensed for their labours by seeing a good assemblage of racing yachts; but this very natural desire may manifest itself in a rather short-sighted way, and Sailing Committees might well be reminded that it is better to be content with few starters than to take a course which will ultimately debar big vessels from racing. In other ways the Council might do good work, and not a little stimulate the unfortunate sport which is supposed to be languishing; but they certainly will not aid it if, without adequate discussion and consideration, they make radical changes such as that we have spoken of. Nothing is more likely to deter men from building racing yachts than uncertainty respecting the rule of measurement; and it seems strange, at a time when there is so much complaint about the paucity of racers, to find the rulers of yacht-racing proceeding in a manner which may cause yachtsmen to draw the conclusion that henceforth it will be impossible for any one who begins a vessel to know what rule of measurement will prevail at the time when she is finished.

#### TRADE PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH there are signs of improvement, the check to a trade which began in the autumn has not yet passed away. The Board of Trade Returns for March, for example, show a decrease both in the imports and the exports. The value of the imports is less by nearly  $4\frac{1}{2}$  millions, or about  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., than in March of last year; while for the first three months of the year the increase is no more than 3 per cent. The falling-off, moreover, during March is mainly in the raw materials of manufacture. The decrease in the value of raw cotton imported exceeds  $1\frac{1}{2}$  millions; that in wool is nearly 1 million; and there is also a decrease in raw sugar; but a decrease in the value of wheat is counterbalanced by an increase in the value of wheat-meal and flour. It would seem that the Americans are sending a larger and larger quantity every year of the wheat which they supply us in the form of meal and flour. In other words, not only are they growing our bread for us, but they are partially manufacturing it also. They are thus competing with the miller as well as with the farmer. It is to be observed, however, that the falling-off in the imports of raw cotton was to be expected. The cotton crop in the United States last year was very large, and it was immediately sent to market in enormous quantities. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be a falling-off. In the exports the decrease in value for the month amounts to  $882,000$ , or about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. And it is found in iron and steel, in woollen and worsted manufactures, in linen and silk manufactures, and in hardware. For the first three months of the year there is a falling-off in value of just three-quarters of a million, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. It would seem, therefore, that the revival in trade which began in the autumn of 1879 for the moment has been checked. For a whole quarter of a year, as we see, the value of the exports is less than for the corresponding quarter twelve months ago. It ought to be observed, however, that Easter fell in March this year, while last year it fell in April; and consequently that the interruption to business caused by the Easter holidays made itself felt in the returns we are now reviewing this year, while it had not made itself felt in the corresponding returns twelve months ago. It is further to be borne in mind that the weather during March was this year very bad. Still we can hardly suppose that these circumstances account for the falling-off. They no doubt aggravated it; but they do not fully account for it. That they do not so is proved by the fact that the increase in the value of the imports for the whole quarter is but very slight; while there is an actual decrease for the quarter in the case of the exports. And what we thus find to be true of the foreign trade of the country, we also trace in the home trade. Thus, for the three months ended with March, the earnings of seventeen of the principal railways of the

United Kingdom exceeded the earnings for the corresponding three months of last year by no more than  $161,000$ , or little over one per cent. Bearing in mind the increased mileage, the larger capital expenditure, and the additional train miles run, this is equivalent to a real falling-off. And it is significant that even the increase, such as it is, is almost entirely in passengers. The period includes, as we have said, the Easter holiday traffic of this year, and compares with a quarter last year in which the holiday traffic is not included. In reality, therefore, taking all the facts into consideration, the railway traffic returns this year show a falling-off. Again, it is noticeable that there was a further steady decrease in the yield of the drink duties in the past financial year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke hopefully on this subject, because he had persuaded himself that the people are becoming more temperate. We trust that this is so. But he was unable to trace any increased productiveness in the other taxes. On Monday night he was obliged to confess that the increase in the tea duty was not significant. We fear the natural inference is that the falling off in the drink duties is more largely attributable to a diminution in the spending power, rather than to an increase in the temperance of the people. Lastly, it is to be noted that the trading classes generally continue to complain of want of profits. Everybody admits that the amount of business done is large; but with one accord they add that the profits are unsatisfactory. In some cases it is said that the profits have disappeared altogether, and that trade yields little more than the interest upon the money invested. These statements must not be taken too literally, for it is hardly probable that men would go on working if they did not find their profit in doing so. But the universality and the persistence of the complaints leave little doubt that profits must be small; in other words, that although trade is not exactly bad, it is slack, and yields but a poor return.

Against these unfavourable evidences there are some favourable circumstances to be set. In the first place, there is the undoubted fact that the revenue last year increased considerably. Not only did it largely exceed the estimates, but it largely exceeded the revenue of the year before, when we make full allowance for the yield of the additional Income-tax. The estimates were made very low by Mr. Gladstone, but the increase on the yield of the previous year is not easily explicable unless trade improved. And it is noteworthy that the taxes came in surprisingly towards the end of the year, suggesting revival, unless there was official pressure to get in as much as possible within the twelve months. It is also noteworthy that the increase in the miscellaneous revenue was surprisingly large. It would seem that at last the revenue is recovering some of its old elasticity. If this be so, it must follow that the country is really more prosperous than the other signs would seem to indicate. Another favourable circumstance is the steady growth in the shipbuilding trade. If the business to be done was not steadily augmenting, it is not to be supposed that the means of locomotion would be so constantly increased. And the additional outlay upon railways, canals, and the like all points in the same direction. Lastly, it is of good omen that the amount of business done continues very large. Whether profitable or not, it is unquestionable that the volume of trade grows larger and larger. The truth would seem to be that it is in the speculative departments of trade that the falling off chiefly is. This in itself is evidence that trade is not very profitable; for wherever large profits are made, or wherever there is fair ground for assuming that large profits will be made, there speculation is rampant. When speculation falls off so completely as it has done of late, it is conclusive evidence that profits are not large. But the absence of speculation, and the losses that have attended such speculation as has been entered into, no doubt account for some of the dulness which is complained of. Another most favourable circumstance is the low prices and low wages that prevail. These are highly favourable to the manufacturer, since they enable him to compete better with his foreign competitors, and they enable him also to tempt purchasers by offering his commodities at low prices. Lastly, it is highly favourable to trade that money is so cheap. The probability is that the interest payable for the use of capital will continue low for several months to come. There was some uncertainty on this point as long as the New York money market continued stringent; but the fall in the value of money in New York and the return of confidence there indicate that there will be no drain of gold from London during the summer. Consequently, loanable capital will accumulate here, and merchants and men of business generally will be able to obtain accommodation upon reasonable terms. It is favourable to this view that this week the Italian Government has resumed specie payments. When the contractors for the Italian loan began to buy up gold all over the world for the purpose of sending it to Italy, they contracted the metallic reserves of the world, and tended to make money both scarce and dear. As the operation went on the metal was locked up in the treasury vaults in Italy, and was there as completely lost to commerce as if it had been destroyed; but now the metal is once more obtainable, and whether it remains in Italy, or filters back to Paris and London, it in any case has become accessible. Probably it will remain in Italy while there is little stringency abroad. But if the rate of discount were to rise sharply here in London, much of it, no doubt, would be sent here, so as to earn the high return here obtainable. In the meantime, the resumption of specie payments tends to strengthen confidence all over the world. It puts an end to the strain that has prevailed

for the past couple of years, and it assures all who are concerned in the matter that, if necessary, the gold can now be got at. One other favourable circumstance is the soundness of credit. Nowhere is there a sign of financial difficulties.

As regards the future, then, much depends upon the coming harvest. There can be little doubt that the depression that prevails all over Europe is traceable directly to the long succession of bad agricultural seasons we have now experienced. Everywhere there is more or less distress, as is observable in the spread of anarchical opinions all over the Continent and the United Kingdom. And this distress is the direct result of bad harvests long continued. If, now, the weather were to change, and we were to have a series of good harvests, difficulties would quickly pass away, and trade would again become profitable. Even one good harvest would have much effect, though a single good harvest would not recoup the farmers for all their losses. Much of their capital has disappeared, and until this capital is restored and they have once more confidence to make improvements, and to invest money in business, there will not be that old prosperity to which we had grown accustomed. In the meantime a continuance of good harvests in the United States will help us much. If America had suffered agriculturally as well as Europe, the results would have been terrible. Bread would then have been dear, while wages would have been low, and the working classes all over Europe would have suffered severely. The good harvests of the United States have neutralized to some extent the bad harvests in Europe, but they have not sufficed to produce prosperity in Europe. The prosperity of the United States did for a little while reflect itself here, and give an impetus to European trade, but the impetus soon spent itself. And until we have a succession of good European harvests, we cannot expect real prosperity. Still we may have an improvement upon the present position, and if the weather continues good, it is probable that we shall see such an improvement.

#### THE CARL ROSA OPERA.

MR. CARL ROSA deserves the thanks of all who have a sincere care for the encouragement and fostering of English operatic composition for his spirited and artistic productions in one short season of Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* and Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba*; and one need only wish that to these two had been added an opera by Mr. Villiers Stanford, on the success of whose *Veiled Prophet* in Germany we have before now had occasion to comment. The wish for more, however, need in no way diminish our gratitude for what we have got; and in *Colomba*, the production of which followed that of *Esmeralda*, we have got what after a first hearing must certainly be pronounced a considerable work. Whether it deserves or will command the same sort of fame which now belongs to the other modern opera which is based on a tale of Mérimée's is a question which cannot be yet decided. Colomba, who is the moving spirit of the opera, is in the hands of the librettist a very far less interesting and attractive personage than is Carmen in the hands of Bizet's librettist, and, to a certain extent, as is the libretto so must be the music. In this case the librettist, as he tells us in a somewhat remarkable preface, has tried to avoid the absurdities and conventionalities of old-fashioned opera-books, but it cannot be said that his attempt is very successful. He has given no sign of poetical imagination or insight, he has frequently substituted one absurdity for another, and in many instances has adopted the very things against which he protests in his preface. In this he "pleads guilty to a 'purpose,'" to the explanation of which the preface is devoted. "In a literature more developed and more varied than that of any other nation, the art of writing words for music has been strangely neglected. In the age of Tennyson, Browning, and Rossetti"—a curious junto—"the lyrical drama retains the Della Cruscan mannerism of diction, of the 'wits' of Pope's time, as reflected in the lofty minds of the 'poet' Bunn, and the late Mr. Fitzball." Mr. Hueffer goes on to say that he has attempted, and the attempt is a laudable one, to "show that the language fitted to musical purposes is not essentially different from that of general common sense and literary taste—that in a libretto it is not necessary for a person or number of persons to ejaculate 'Now good red wine we will be drinking' when every rational being in prose or verse would sing or say 'Now let us have some good red wine.' That turn of phraseology is generally supposed to be necessitated by the scarcity in our language of the feminine or double rhymes and verse-endings so desirable for the rounding off of a musical sentence. That this is a mere prejudice it would be easy to show from the works of our great poets, beginning with Shakespeare." In accordance with these lofty sentiments we find "an old woman" asking "Whose is all this lovely, lovely luggage?" We also find Savelli, a Corsican brigand, relating to an assembled crowd

How the damigella [why damigella?] Colomba did start  
From her sleep, and, standing all a-quiver,  
Swore on the body that she would never  
Pray at church, or smile, or dream  
Of aught in earth or in heaven above—  
Of the hate of hate, or the love of love—  
Until her father's purple stream  
Were met by another stream, made to start  
From his assassin's treacherous heart  
By the dagger-thrust of her distant brother.

A few lines further on he suggests to his hearers to

Ask Chilina, and you may hear—  
If these market-women will hush their din—

(of which, as Savelli has the stage for the moment to himself, there is naturally none going on)—

The song which on the burial day  
The Siorina Colomba did sing and say,  
When her friends round the body were assembling,  
And which no Barracini hears without trembling.

However, if Mr. Hueffer's words are not of startling merit, his suggestion that they are an improvement upon a method which he certainly has not been the first to improve upon need not be seriously contested; although whether he is either wise or justified in boldly describing his lines as "poetry" is a very different question. What he has to say of the plan of the libretto is not satisfactory. "It remains to add a few words as to the modifications of Prosper Mérimée's masterly tale, which the requirements of dramatic, and more especially of melodramatic, treatment have necessitated. These modifications had to be the more material, as the great French prose-writer's design was peculiarly adapted to the form of art he had selected, and to that alone. In other words, the nature of *Colomba* being essentially narrative, was for that very reason undramatic, and even anti-dramatic." Therefore Mr. Hueffer must needs lay hands on it, and try to turn it into a dramatic opera. "To quote but one instance, the heroine in the tale, after having achieved her vengeance, lives happy ever after. . . . This dénouement would have been obviously impossible in a drama, and poor *Colomba* has to comply with the demands of poetic justice [as they appear to Mr. Hueffer], and to die." As if to clinch his appreciation of the master of fiction whose work he has ruined, the librettist adds that "Mérimée's *Colomba* is a compound of real and ideal ingredients." Of what ingredients Mr. Hueffer's *Colomba* is compounded, or rather of what ingredient, it is not difficult to say. She is merely a melodramatic person, with a longing for vengeance. All that Mérimée gave to her except that longing has been taken away from her. For the rest, the librettist has, as he says, retained the outline of the story, but has certainly not succeeded in making it any less "anti-dramatic" than he found it. There is no dramatic action properly so called until Orso shoots his two intending assassins in self-defence. Before that we have nothing in the way of action but the development of *Colomba's* desire for the vendetta and the opposition to it of Orso's more civilized feelings, backed by Lydia's strong repulsion to it. After the fatal shot there is a conflict between the soldiers and the brigands, with whom Orso has taken refuge, in the course of which conflict *Colomba* is mortally wounded. Mr. Mackenzie has had but a poor dramatic scheme to work upon with his music; but in some instances he has succeeded in writing music which is eminently dramatic as well as excellent from a technical point of view, and he has also succeeded in giving a singular tenderness to some of the love passages, which relieve the sombre monotony of the libretto. The composer has, as might have been expected, adopted the *leit-motif* of Wagnerian opera; and we doubt whether in what may be called the principal motive—that of the vendetta—he has been as successful as in some other cases. But in an impression derived only from a first hearing, it is pleasanter to dwell upon the undoubted beauties in the work of a composer who is certainly more than promising, than to discuss passages which may be more open to question.

Not least amongst such beauties is the "Vocero" for Chilina in the first act. For this and with this Mr. Mackenzie has done perhaps more than Bizet did for and with the Habanera in *Carmen*. It is treated so as to be a lovely thing in itself; and it gives rise to a theme which is afterwards employed in the most skilful, appropriate, and effective manner. From this alone it might be judged that Mr. Mackenzie had a musical sense of poetry, as well as a remarkable command of orchestration; but there are other instances of the same kind to which we may hope to recur in further detail on a future occasion. Dramatically the Quintet and Chorus at the end of the first act is striking, and so probably might be the monks' chant in the third act, if it were not overpowered by the orchestration, which was too often overpowering throughout the opera on its first representation. *Colomba's* appeal for vendetta just afterwards is also striking in itself, but unluckily one has got a little weary of the harping on one string by that time. The ballet of the May Queen in the second act is musically particularly good, and it is excellently put upon the stage. The librettist has put Italian words at this point into the mouths of the chorus with the same weighty infelicity which has made him describe "Joe" Manton in a foot-note as "a famous Paris gunmaker of the time." The composer has found or made for himself some fine opportunities in the last act, which, so far as the libretto goes, is certainly not the best. His musical dialogue is always intelligent and careful, but is not always in accordance with the words. For instance, in the first act occur the lines

Which on us, as you know, our enemies have inflicted,  
Although from his eyes it was hid.

Here there is nothing in the music corresponding to the italics. But as we have said we must defer full criticism for a second hearing, meanwhile congratulating both Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Rosa. As to the interpretation, Mme. Valleria will probably make more of *Colomba* than she made on the first night, when here and

there she seemed to want means for what is, if only because it is a mere embodiment of one unpleasing sentiment, a very trying part. On the other hand, even on the first night Mme. Valleria played and sang the part like an artist. Miss Clara Perry sang charmingly as Chilina. Mr. McGuckin sang a good deal better than he acted as Orso. Mr. Novara gave the right touch of roughness to Savelli, and Mr. Ludwig, while he sang the music well, also made a natural figure of the infamous Barracini. The chorus and band deserve high praise.

The performance by Mr. Carl Rosa's company of *Fidelio* was naturally interesting, but in one way disappointing. That usually fine singer and actress Mme. Marie Roze seemed overweighted with the part of Leonora. The other parts were well filled, and the two overtures were admirably given under Mr. Randegger's lead. *Faust* has also been given. In *Marguerite* Mme. Marie Roze gave a convincing proof of her operatic talent; Mr. Novara confirmed the high opinion we had formerly entertained of his Mephistopheles; and Mr. Crotty distinguished himself as Valentine. In *Maritana*, Wallace's ballad-opera, which is in strange and striking contrast, so far as form goes, to Mr. Mackenzie's work, Mr. Crotty played Don José with a dignity and understanding which suggested a wish to see and hear him in such a part as Nevers in *The Huguenots*; and to say this is to pay him a high compliment, since, with two brilliant exceptions, we have never seen Nevers satisfactorily given. Mr. Turner sang well, at one point very well, as Don Caesar, and acted extremely ill. Miss Amy Sherwin displayed considerable promise as *Maritana*. The chorus was good, and the only fault to be found with the band was that it occasionally overpowered the voices. The words of *Maritana* will bear comparison with Mr. Hueffer's words better than might be expected from Mr. Hueffer's preface to *Colombia*.

#### THE THEATRES.

WHAT must in these days of long runs be called the brief existence of Mr. Pinero's play *The Rector*, just withdrawn from the stage of the Court Theatre, is not uninteresting, although the lesson to be learnt from it may seem simple enough in one way. Briefly this lesson is that without definite and sensibly sustained human interest a play, however clever in other directions, has no claim to success; but in analysing the piece, and in comparing its comparative failure with the success of other plays which are infinitely below it in some important ways, there is something more than this to be said. There was interest, and human interest, in *The Rector*; but it was presented to the audience now in a loose, now in a monotonously repeated form. In the first act the spectator was set wondering which of all the characters, and why, demanded his sympathy. He was invited to look at a Captain in the army who had grey hair and a young face, and was suddenly told, for no apparent reason, by a physician who was the Captain's friend that the Captain was undoubtedly mad. He was also asked to sympathize—and here his sympathies were more readily engaged—with a young village girl who had just lost her father; and he wondered to what the prominence of this incident might lead. So far as we were able to discover it led to nothing. Sally Brotherhood might have married Saul Mash without this incident, pathetic enough in itself, being brought in; and she is in the play for the purpose of marrying Saul Mash and becoming the over-confidential servant of the Rector's wife. The Rector appears in the first act for the purpose of learning that out of four friends who have made a compact to meet on the night represented, one, Clive Morrison, has killed himself for reasons imperfectly known or stated, and for the purpose of offering the hospitality of the Rectory to two benighted strangers, Connor Hennessy, an Irish gentleman, and his young daughter, with whom the Rector at once falls in love. Captain Jeamond Ryle, another of the four friends, is present for the purpose of hearing of Morrison's death, of knowing from a letter read out by the doctor that this death is caused by a woman's treachery, of delivering an excited but by no means insane tirade against women, and of driving away from the place instead of going to the Rectory. The doctor, Fulljames, is present for the purpose of comforting Sally Brotherhood, of reading Morrison's letter, and of saying without any warning or reason that Captain Ryle is insane. Thus far there was absolutely no interest in the play; the acting was, on the whole, good all round and, in the case of Mr. Day's Saul Mash, excellent. In the first act of a play there need not perhaps be any absorbing interest; it may simply lead up, avoiding dulness or confusion, to what is coming; prepare the mind agreeably for a series of events which may keep the attention amused or amazed. But in this act there was confusion. It was impossible to guess what was going to happen, and this might not have been a bad effect to produce if only there had been any ground for thinking or hoping or fearing that any one thing was going to happen more than any other thing. There was no such ground; there was an absolute want of the clear setting forth upon which Scribe justly insisted. There was nothing set forth; there were detached facts, as to the possible connexion of which with each other there was nothing to be guessed except that the Rector might perhaps marry Miss Hennessy, and Saul Mash might perhaps marry Sally. But whether these marriages should come off or not was a matter of indifference; there was no reason born of any sympathy awakened why they should, and no reason why they should not. As to the mystery suggested by the conduct of the Hennesseys, that was at once so vague and

so marked that one could not but at once suspect that it would be used as a blind, and also feel but little care as to what persons it should blind, and how it should blind them.

In the second act it was found to be employed; and in the second act the author, getting far more interested in his subject, fell into a fatal mistake—that of mixing up episode with action, of being carried away by a good idea, so as to neglect the proportions necessary to the development of his plot. Hockaday, a country postmaster, becomes possessed of a letter, vague but in a way compromising, addressed by the Rector's bride, *née* Hennessy, to the Rector just before the marriage, and never read by the Rector. The adventures of this letter are far more complex and meaningless than those of the packet in *Richelieu*. Miss Hennessy with singular tact dropped it into the Rector's coat pocket. The Rector, without searching his pockets, gave the coat to Saul Mash. Saul Mash, who could not read or write, found it a month afterwards, and gave it to his wife. His wife, whom he had regarded as a great scholar, then had to confess that she could only read print. Then Saul Mash gave it to Hockaday, who, after a tedious scene, expressive of inveterate curiosity, read it himself, saw in it a possible weapon against Mr. Hennessy, of whose influence in the town he was jealous, and gave it back to Saul Mash, to be handed on to the Rector. In all this business all that is the least apt to the plot is that the letter should have been written and not delivered; that Hockaday should have some ground for suspicion of Hennessy; and that the letter, referring in terms not at all precise to a secret which the wife of the Rector, Humphrey Sharland, must keep to herself, should at last fall into the Rector's hands. When it does so fall into his hands the act ends with a striking scene, to which the players, Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Clayton, gave its due force. But this has been waited for during a deal of tedious and inept complication which exhibits the supposed humours of Hockaday, and the real humours of Miss Rorke's and Mr. Day's Mrs. and Mr. Saul Mash—humours which, however, let it be repeated, have nothing to do with the matter in hand. Again, the spectator imagines, and rightly as it turns out, that all the pother about the secret is unnatural; that, having discovered the non-delivery of the letter, the Rector's bride, knowing his fine nature and his love for her, would at once tell him what the secret was, rather than leave him with every reason for doubting her own good faith and good name.

In the third act the results of the Rector's very natural uneasiness about his wife's antecedents were shown; there was an absolutely impossible deputation on this subject from Hockaday and two other tradesmen to the Rector, in the course of which Mr. Clayton found occasion for a fine piece of acting; there was again excellent acting by Mr. Day; and there was an impossible scene, well written as far as words went, between Mrs. Sharland and her servant. An equally impossible scene of the same sort occurred in *The Squire*; and Mr. Pinero will do well to avoid such blunders in future. Ryle came in, and definitely told the Rector that Mrs. Sharland had been the mistress of Clive Morrison, and had hounded him to his death; and probably none of the audience believed him. All now seemed at an end, because of the foolish letter-secret and of Ryle's extraordinary statement, between the Rector and his wife; but in the next act the story of the letter long suspected and expected was told. Old Hennessy confessed that, as everybody off the stage supposed, he had cheated young Morrison at cards, and thus felt in some way guilty of his ruin and death. Mrs. Sharland said that if her excellent and beloved father had cheated at cards, it was to keep her well supplied with money for charity and for pretty dresses, and therefore she, though she knew nothing about his evil deeds at the time, was really the culprit. The Rector heard what they had to say, and setting Ryle's wild story against Hennessy's confession—which in Mr. Arthur Cecil's hands was a really fine thing—refused to believe them; and thus for the third, fourth, or fifth time identically the same situation was presented to the audience. Then matters were cleared up in an astounding way by the doctor, who for the first time announces to his friends that Ryle is undoubtedly mad. When asked, naturally, why he has not said this before, he replies that it was a professional secret—a reply which is sheer nonsense. Ryle has not consulted him professionally, and he has for no reason incurred the odium of allowing a madman (who gives no sign of madness to a lay spectator beyond his monstrous lie about Mrs. Sharland) to wreck his best friend's happiness. There are various minor faults of a kind not unlike to this in the play, but on these we need not dwell. We have devoted some space to the analysis of a piece which, almost as we write, has been withdrawn from the boards, because the great cleverness of its writing encourages us in the belief that Mr. Pinero may have it in him to be a fine dramatist; and in the hope that a plain exposition of its curious and fatal faults may lead him, before he presents a new play to the public, to consider more fully certain canons as to the method of play-writing, which in this case he has strangely overlooked. There was a hint in *The Money-Spinner* of the same want of human interest which has injured *The Rector*. Let us trust that the author will now see that this want, combined with artificial repetition of situation, is of its nature fatal to the success of a piece, however clever its detached characterization and dialogue may be.

## REVIEWS.

## FROUDE'S SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS.\*

MR. FROUDE'S fourth volume of essays is sure to be read with interest. In the first place, the charm of his power of narration and of his style is so great as to be reluctantly admitted even by the most hostile critics. In the next place, a large part of the present volume is made up of what we may describe as his Confessions, or his Apologia, or his intellectual and spiritual autobiography; and it is well known that revelations, or what pass for such, of a man's inner self, when put into print, invariably command readers. The essays are on various topics, some of them purely historical; but even these are written with a side-glance at the present. "They contain," he says, "my thoughts, cast in various forms, on the problems with which the present generation has been perplexed." To be always thinking about the problems of the present, while professedly concerned with the problems of the past, is not the best possible state of mind for an historian; but it gives his work more interest for the general public; and the fact that it is in this attitude that Mr. Froude approaches history goes far to explain why his reputation as an historian stands higher with the outside world than it does in the inner circle of historical scholars.

Mr. Froude declares that this volume is to conclude the series of his essays, though why, except on the general ground of the uncertainty of this mortal life, he should not continue to have his thoughts on the problems of the day—which, like the poor, we have always with us—and to express them in *Short Studies ad infinitum*, we do not see. However, the century is waning, and opinions are disintegrating, and Mr. Froude, in a pathetic and melancholy passage, takes almost as it were a farewell of life:—

We have lived through a period of change—change spiritual, change moral, social and political. The foundations of our most serious convictions have been broken up; and the disintegration of opinion is so rapid that wise men and foolish are equally ignorant where the close of this waning century will find us. We are embarked in a current which bears us forward independent of our own wills, and indifferent whether we submit or resist; but each of us is sailing in a boat of his own, which, as he is hurried on, he can guide or leave to drift. The observations and experiences of a single voyager who is drawing near the end of his own journey may have an interest for others who are floating down the same river, and are alike unable to conjecture whither they are bound.

The collection opens with those articles on the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," which, when they originally appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, called forth a crushing onslaught, or rather succession of onslaughts, from Mr. Freeman in the *Contemporary Review*, and produced a passage of arms so lively as to attract the attention even of that "general public" which cares nothing about twelfth-century archbishops, but which loves a good fight. To what extent Mr. Freeman had the better of it may be judged from the emendations, modifications, additions, and omissions which Mr. Froude has now made in many of the passages to which exception was taken by his antagonist. Not that he has by any means made an entire submission; to do that, he must have suppressed not only his whole "study" of Thomas Becket, but his own identity. Mr. Froude would not be Mr. Froude if, having before him any question in any century in which the Church was concerned, he could look at it with a single-hearted desire to see things as they really were. His object is too manifestly to find another stick wherewith to beat the dog of his particular antipathy—another weapon to use against the High Church party of his own day. An account from him of Archbishop Thomas, however carefully corrected and revised, would always be a party statement.

It is not our intention to dwell long upon a controversy which has been so thrashed out as this between Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman. To put things briefly, in some cases Mr. Froude has silently made the emendations suggested—perhaps we should say prescribed—to him, or has at least modified his statements accordingly. In these cases, therefore, there is no more to be said. On other points he adheres to his original statement, be it right or be it wrong; and on these again there is no more to be said, for we cannot hope to produce conviction where Mr. Freeman has failed. The extent to which the essay has been re-written shows that in its present form we must accept it as the expression of Mr. Froude's deliberate and well-considered opinion, and that even when he passes in silence over points raised by his great antagonist, he must be supposed to have weighed and cast aside the objections to his own view of the question. We should add that throughout Mr. Froude never names or directly refers to Mr. Freeman, though he sometimes enters into the discussion of questions which arose in the course of the controversy with him. Thus, in speaking of the impunity of the slayers of Archbishop Thomas—"It has been conjectured," he writes, "that they owed their impunity to Becket's own claim for the exclusive jurisdiction of the spiritual courts in cases where spiritual persons were concerned." This, we need hardly say, is Mr. Freeman's belief; and what follows, with its accompanying note, is evidently intended as an indirect answer to him. "In the protracted discussions on the Constitutions of Clarendon, so obvious an inference would certainly have been brought to the surface on one side or the

other, if ecclesiastical privilege had been ever understood to carry such extraordinary consequences." Yet, after all, in the foot-note Mr. Froude, even while arguing in support of his own view, goes a long way towards conceding that ecclesiastical privilege did sometimes carry these "extraordinary consequences":—

Canon Robertson shows from a letter of Archbishop Richard, Becket's successor, that although the crown had never recognized the custom, laymen who laid their hands on clerks had been practically subjected only to ecclesiastical punishments. . . . It is possible that as the law in England waited usually to be put in motion by the representatives of the injured parties, the clergy may have chosen generally to use their own weapons rather than appeal to the secular courts. But no English lawyer, I believe, considers that this reversed action of benefit of clergy was ever in fact practically admitted, or that a layman accused of murder escaped from justice by pleading that the person whom he had robbed or murdered was a clerk. The defence was not put forward as an excuse for Henry's neglect to punish the archbishop's murderers, and the apathy of the authorities was clearly not interpreted at the time as due to a cause which if real would of course have been alleged.

The English lawyer can happily escape from the question by pleading that he is not bound to know anything about times before the period to which legal memory runs. But, to say nothing of the opinion of other great historians, Canon Stubbs, in his *Early Plantagenets*, distinctly asserts that the clerical immunity told both ways:—that is to say, whether a clerk was murderer or murdered, in either case the arm of secular justice was paralysed. We may however suspect that if the King had been bent upon hanging the slayers of the Archbishop, the Church would not have been very anxious to say him nay.

Another hotly debated point in the controversy arose upon the meaning to be attached to the well-known passage in Grim's Life of St. Thomas:—"Quantis autem necem, quantis rerum omnium proscriptionem intulerit, quis enumeret?" etc. Here Mr. Froude has made an emendation in his narrative, and has made it but lamely. He begins by citing Grim's words—a little strengthened in the process of translation—as descriptive of the *administration* of Thomas, then Chancellor:—

Of his administration his adoring and admiring biographer, the monk Grim, who was present at his martyrdom, draws a more than unfavourable picture, and even charges him with cruelty and ferocity. "The persons that he slew," says Grim, "the persons that he deprived of their property, no one can enumerate. Attended by a large company of knights, he assailed whole communities, destroyed cities and towns, villages and farms, and, without remorse or pity, gave them to devouring flames."

As an afterthought, Mr. Froude—mindful, we may suppose, of Mr. Freeman's indignation at this passage and the comment which originally followed it—adds:—

These words have been supposed to refer to the strong action which was taken by Henry II. in expelling the Flemish free-lances who had established them in various fortresses about the realm, and in which Becket is alleged to have assisted him. But the work of suppressing the Flemings is distinctly said to have been completed by Henry within three months of his coronation, and before Becket became chancellor, and it was of his conduct in this position that Grim was speaking. The allusion far more likely is to the war of Toulouse, or to a suppression of a revolt which followed in Aquitaine. The Toulouse expedition was Becket's special work. He had obtained money for it by squeezing the clergy with a severity which was never forgiven by them. He served in person in the field; unhorsed a knight with his own lance, and distinguished himself both as a soldier and an administrator. There may easily enough have been many actions in these French campaigns which suited ill with his later sanctity.

Setting aside the question as to the date of the appointment of Thomas to the Chancellorship, it is clear that if it is once admitted that Grim's allusion is to the war of Toulouse—a concession apparently to Mr. Freeman—or indeed to anything done abroad by Thomas in his military character, the passage can no longer be justifiably cited as a description of his "administration" generally.

When the author can for a moment forget the purpose with which he is writing, his power of narration at once asserts itself. Fierce as he is against "ecclesiastical miracles," "the spurious offspring of the passion of theologians for their own most extravagant assumptions," uncompromising as he is in his assertion that it was Becket's "fate in death to represent beyond all others the false side of Catholic teaching, and to gather round himself the most amazing agglomeration of lies," he can yet tell sympathetically and pleasantly such a pretty legend as that of St. Thomas coming to the aid of two children in tribulation about a missing cheese. But there is something irritating in that rarely suspended consciousness of an anti-sacerdotal mission which gives the essay its peculiar bitterness, and, we may add, its characteristic inadequacy. Matters of importance are ignored when they do not lend themselves well to the author's purpose; the growth of the clerical immunities is narrated without any mention of the action of William the Conqueror in separating the secular and spiritual courts, though to this the controversy between King Henry and Archbishop Thomas traces its origin; the life of Thomas is narrated without a word of the first open quarrel between him and the King, which arose on a purely secular question, and is of great constitutional importance as the first recorded case, since the Conquest, of opposition to the Royal will in a matter of taxation. And, looking at the essay generally, it seems to us that Mr. Froude never clearly brings out the position of the clergy, or fully grasps all the many causes of their influence. He is too angry with them, and indeed with the laity likewise for putting up with their insolence, calmly to realize their position as practically the representatives of the whole educated middle class. No one can really understand the Becket controversy who approaches it in a modern anti-clerical spirit. When, for such a family as that of Gilbert Becket of London, the one road to dis-

\* *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Fourth Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

fection lay through the Church, it is clear that its sympathies, without reference to religious sentiment, would not be heartily on the side of the King and the secular ruling class in their attack upon the clerical immunities. Henry, in his efforts to bring criminous clerks to justice, was, we suspect, very much in the position of a general in the field who should go about to hang an insubordinate Special Correspondent, and thereby to outrage not only the *esprit de corps* of every man connected even in the humblest manner with a newspaper, but also a prevailing *quasi-religious* sentiment as to the immunities and sanctity of the press—a sentiment, it may be added, like that about the Church, largely sustained by the fact that in practice the institution has been found to be a protector and safeguard to the mass of the people.

The Becket essay forms no inappropriate introduction to the series of six letters entitled "The Oxford Counter-Reformation," which originally appeared in *Good Words*, and which, as we have already said, form in some sort Mr. Froude's *Apologia*. He opens his subject by moralizing over an old copy, "scored over with pencil-marks and interjections," of the once terrible Tract XC.; he reviews the changes of forty years—the revival of Catholicism and "Medievalism" on the one hand, the upgrowth of scepticism and even of atheism on the other—and then he proceeds to sketch the condition of things before the leaders of the Oxford movement, foremost among them Mr. Froude's own brother, began their baleful work. "Before he (Hurrell Froude) and his friends undertook the process of reconstruction, the Church was perhaps in the healthiest condition it had ever known." The account of the Church in this healthy condition is in Mr. Froude's best style, but it is too long to quote in full. A lively description of "the average English incumbent of fifty years ago" leads up to a picture of the author's own home:—

Our own household was a fair representative of the order. My father was rector of the parish. He was archdeacon, he was justice of the peace. He had a moderate fortune of his own, consisting chiefly in land, and he belonged, therefore, to the "landed interest." Most of the magistrates' work of the neighbourhood passed through his hands. If anything was amiss it was his advice which was most sought after, and I remember his being called upon to lay a troublesome ghost. In his younger days he had been a hard rider across country. His children knew him as a continually busy, useful man of the world, a learned and cultivated antiquary, and an accomplished artist. My brothers and I were excellently educated, and were sent to school and college. Our spiritual lessons did not go beyond the Catechism. We were told that our business in life was to work and to make an honourable position for ourselves. About doctrine, Evangelical or Catholic, I do not think that in my early boyhood I ever heard a single word, in church or out of it. The institution had drifted into the condition of what I should call moral health. It did not instruct us in mysteries; it did not teach us to make religion a special object of our thoughts; it taught us to use religion as a light by which to see our way along the road of duty. . . . Doctrinal controversies were sleeping. People went to church because they liked it, because they knew that they ought to go, and because it was the custom. They had received the Creeds from their fathers, and doubts about them had never crossed their minds. Christianity had wrought itself into the constitution of their natures. It was a necessary part of the existing order of the universe, as little to be debated about as the movements of the planets or the changes of the seasons. Such the Church of England was in the country districts before the Tractarian movement.

It is well that the good side of the solid and prosaic religion of the days just before "the miraculous nineteenth century was coming of age" should have its due meed of recognition. But the impression conveyed that Tractarianism was the first serpent that intruded into this Eden, and made people dissatisfied with quiet church-going and the ministrations of excellent squire-parsons, is at least exaggerated. Methodism and Evangelicalism preceded Tractarianism, and both alike looked down upon the kind of moral religion, or religion tinged with morality, on which Mr. Froude dwells so admiringly, and on the plain folk who went to church "because they knew they ought to go, and because it was the custom"; and both accounted "the average English incumbent," even when more decidedly clerical than Mr. Froude has drawn him, to be sadly lacking in gifts and graces. The author does indeed in passing give credit to "the Methodist revival" for having stirred "the Establishment" to the amount of energy he describes; and, by one of his customary afterthoughts, he later on places side by side with "the revival of sacramentalism" "the Evangelical movement," as one of the symptoms that "religion was becoming self-conscious"; but in the main he writes as if it had been left for "young Oxford" to make the first discovery of the inadequacy of the ordinary religion of respectable people. For this idea, the narrow range of Mr. Froude's early observations, as recorded by himself, will account. He knew of the existence of Evangelicals, for he "had been bred up to despise" them as "unreal and affected"; but he tells us that it was not till after he had taken his degree, and had spent some months in an Irish Evangelical family, that he "was introduced to Evangelical literature." "I had read nothing of Evangelical positive theology, and books like the 'Pilgrim's Progress' were nothing less than a revelation to me." But because Mr. Froude was allowed to grow up without reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*, it does not follow that everybody in England was in the same state of ignorance. In short, the author seems to conceive that Tractarianism occupies the same place in the world's history as in his own. Because he would have sat contentedly at the feet of squire-parsons all his days if it had not been for Tractarianism, he assumes that the same would have been the case throughout England. He goes the length of assuring us that "but for the Oxford movement, scepticism might have continued a harmless speculation of a few

philosophers." Does Mr. Froude expect us to believe that, but for the perversity of the Oxford leaders, German and French schools of thought would have exercised no influence here, that modern Biblical criticism and modern research in history, mythology, geology, and natural science would have had no disturbing effect on the prevailing religious traditions, and that the popular notions on the subject of creation would have remained unaffected by evolution and Darwinism? He had better tell us at once that Young Oxford filled the butchers' shops with large blue flies. In fact, the absurdity of his assertion, which is not even consistent with much that appears in the course of his own narrative, seems almost immediately to strike him, and he modifies it by an admission that perhaps the Oxford leaders only precipitated an inevitable struggle between Christianity and scepticism.

The delicate task of describing his brother's part in the movement—delicate because, from the author's point of view, Hurrell Froude gave his best efforts to build up a system of falsity and delusion—Mr. Froude acquires himself with tact and good taste. Of Keble he writes with all necessary respect, but with manifest antipathy. "He had no faculty for winning the unconverted"; and clearly he did not win Mr. Froude. Indeed the writer says that, "with two exceptions," "the chiefs of the movement" were not "personally impressive to me." The two exceptions are Isaac Williams and the present Cardinal Newman. In describing the latter, Mr. Froude puts forth all his strength, arguing against him, protesting, denouncing, and yet bearing the most striking testimony to his marvellous influence and power, and displaying throughout an enemy's unwilling though intense admiration. Altogether the narrative is a valuable record of the author's individual training, observations, and feelings; but it does not inspire us with confidence in his qualifications to be the religious historian of his age.

The remaining subjects are of a curiously diversified kind. "Origen and Celsus" and "A Cagliostro of the Second Century," this last being an account of the strange imposture of Alexander of Abonotichos, have indeed a certain affinity. But from these we leap to an article on "Cheneys and the House of Russell," which contains, amongst many other things, an interesting notice of Lord and Lady Amberley, whose advanced Radicalism is spoken of in a tone of half-amused, half-pitying sympathy, such as one feels for the generous follies of ardent youth. For them, as for his brother, Mr. Froude urges that no man is ever good for much "whose enthusiasm in youth has not outrun his understanding"; but it is plain that he feels far more kindly disposed towards the delusion, as he accounts it, of the Radical than towards that of the High Churchman. The same article contains some glowing pages descriptive of a day's trout-fishing at Cheneys, winding up with reflections on the vexed question of the morality of field sports, and a speculation as to whether the development of humanity is destined in the end to produce "a world of harmless vegetarians." Finally comes the fantastic and rather unsatisfactory allegory entitled "A Siding at a Railway Station," which is perhaps open to the charge of being too much a parody of the awful theme of the Judgment Day. The author does not go the length of those early painters who revenged themselves upon their personal enemies by portraying them among the reprobated; but he makes a distant approach to this practice by introducing "a reviewer who had been listening for my condemnation," and who begins "to look disgusted" when that conclusion seems about to be averted. The author also intimates that among the passages of his works which counted most to his credit in this other world of his fancy were "those, as I observed in one or two instances, which had been selected for special reprobation in the weekly journals." With this dream ends Mr. Froude's contribution towards the solution of the problems of the age. He is not cheering, or even very consolatory; but—so long as the Church is kept out of his way—he is not immoderately bitter, and he preserves some quiet hopefulness for the future of mankind.

#### WITH A SHOW THROUGH SOUTHERN AFRICA.

**M**MR. "MARK TWAIN" has a great deal to answer for. Unlike Falstaff, though witty enough himself (after the fashion of his country), he has been the cause of very little wit in others. It is scarcely too much to say that had Mr. Du Val never read *The New Pilgrim's Progress* he would have written a really interesting book of travel, as it is certainly not too much to say that no inconsiderable part of the book he has written is, in consequence of his acquaintance with that facetious work, inexpressibly wearisome and irritating. Even Mark Twain's most fervent admirers will, we think, allow that his peculiar humour is not of the sort which tells well at second-hand, though they may not be disposed to go further with us in holding that his rank as a humourist would have been higher had "Artemus Ward" never existed. When in the fourth page of the first volume of a book of travels the reader meets with such a sentence as this—

But yet another misery!—well did you say, old Eccles, "How much more sharper than a serpent's folds is it to have a toothless child"—[as a

\* *With a Show through Southern Africa: and Personal Reminiscences of the Transvaal War.* By Charles Du Val, late of the Carabiniers, Attached to the Staff of Garrison Commandant, and Editor of the "News of the Camp" during the investment of Pretoria. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1882.

matter of fact, Mr. Eccles employed the word "scales"; but that is of no moment)—the steam is turned off and quietude once more obtains, when lo! the early morning air (four o'clock) is laden with the gum-distracted lamentations of a young gentleman of very tender years engaged upon a somewhat necessary, if likewise disagreeable, operation of cutting his teeth—

he knows well what to expect; and, we are fain to add, his expectations, in the first volume at least, will be amply realized. And yet he would certainly be the loser were he—though one could hardly blame him for doing so—then and there to close the volume in disgust. For in the second part, in the author's personal reminiscences of the Boer campaign, and the famous laager of Pretoria, there is a great deal that is interesting, and not a little that is instructive. Moreover, what tends to aggravate the reader's irritation is that Mr. Du Val is really under no necessity of borrowing second-hand American jokes, or going about to render a commonplace comical. He has an abundance of good spirits of his own (and he certainly needed them), and he can see the humorous aspect of things quite clearly and quickly enough with his own eyes. When he has really something to say he knows well enough how to say it; his style, though of no particular grace or distinction—certainly not a "grand" style—has the merit which always belongs to the style of a man who sits down to record straightforwardly and without any tricks of sentiment or fancy his experiences of unfamiliar men and countries during times of stir and change. Had he been always content to write as he has written of the capture of Zwartkopje Laager, or of the action at the Red House Kraal, or of the true story of the sad disaster to the 94th Regiment at Bronkhorst Spruit—a piece of simple, direct narration, from which many a vaunted Special Correspondent might learn a salutary lesson—there would have been little fault indeed to find with him.

It is curious that Mr. Du Val nowhere gives us any exact information as to the nature of the "Show" which was apparently the leading motive of his travels. As he calls it, however, in one passage his "Odds and Ends Entertainment," and distinguishes elsewhere between its "dramatic and vocal portions," and as a piano certainly figured in the programme, we may conclude that it was of the species known, we believe, in the theatrical profession as a "Variety Entertainment." Whatever it may have been, however, with it he started from Cape Town in the early days of 1880; and his first volume is devoted mainly to a record of his perils by road and river, his experiences of colonial landlords (a race of which he does not seem to think very highly), and his views generally on colonial life, social, political, moral, and agricultural. It can have been no child's play getting over those African roads with a heavily-laden waggon, especially to a traveller whose time meant money, and who could not afford the customary rate of travel, which is, one may suppose, as fast, or rather as slow, as the "rolling-footed" ox can be persuaded to move. But Mr. Du Val's stock of good temper must have been inexhaustible if his behaviour in adverse circumstances bore any proportion to the joviality with which he has described them. The most interesting part of this volume is that which treats of the Diamond Fields at Kimberley, of which we have an animated account, including two specimens of the advertising powers of the local auctioneers, which were certainly worth recording. The population of Kimberley is for the most part, and for many reasons, fluctuating one, and the auctioneer seems to drive a good trade. The two great rivals rejoice in the respective names of Rothschild and Goodchild, and certainly their advertisements would have done no discredit to the immortal Robins himself—so far as ingenuity goes, for in point of style they hardly perhaps quite match that great master at his best. Mr. Du Val reached Pretoria on November 18th, 1880, and here, as we have said, the most interesting part of his work begins. He had been aware of trouble in the air some time before reaching the Transvaal capital. Rumours were afloat of a great mass meeting of the Boers to be held at Wakkerstroom early in the ensuing year, at which their policy was to be declared, and action, it was more than whispered, to be taken unless the British Government agreed to their wishes. These rumours received support from the point-blank refusal of a number of farmers to pay taxes to any but their own elected governing body; and this refusal they published in *De Volkstem*, a Pretorian journal holding very strong anti-British opinions. Mr. Du Val lost no opportunity of testing public feeling, and among others he sounded one "Ned Hazlewood," the host of the Wakkerstroom Hotel, a man of many wanderings and much experience, like Ulysses, of men and cities. Honest Ned had no two opinions about the matter, and, when questioned as to the probability of the Boers showing fight if their wishes were ignored, he made answer, "By the heaven above us, I do think it; why, man, they're making 'biltong' [the "jerked" or dried beef of the American trappers] at all the farms in the country—that's good enough for me." On Mr. Du Val's arrival in Pretoria he had an interview with Sir Owen Lanyon, and found his Excellency to take a very different view, in common, it should be said, with all other authorities in the Transvaal. The general opinion there was that the Boers would not fight, and that, even if they did, the Imperial troops were certain to make very short work of them. "They will never," were Sir Owen's words, "they will never stand against the red-coats." "I have often thought since," observes our author with ingenuous simplicity, "there were worse, and certainly falser, prophets than 'Ned.'" We thoroughly agree with Mr. Du Val.

The account of those four months in Pretoria, during which the little garrison were in complete ignorance of all that was going on outside the fighting circle of the Boers, is well worth reading; and, though even here the writer's irrepressible spirit occasionally strike a jarring note, one is more inclined to forgive him for the sake of the real matter which underlies them. The picture we get from his pages of the Boer is hardly so flattering as that which some others have drawn. The proverbial Boer hospitality has, it is allowed, been warped by a sense of antagonism and injustice; but the anecdote told of the experiences of a certain Roman Catholic Bishop on his travels "up country" tend to prove that this hospitality, if capricious, is at least abundant, when caprice tells for and not against it. The Boer, Mr. Du Val thinks, "has no elements of progress lying dormant which can be easily quickened to action"—hardly a felicitous phrase, perhaps, when considered by the light of recent events—"and as a farmer he is, from our point of view, a sloven and wholly apathetic." As a fighting animal our author has naturally more respect for his late antagonist, but it clearly arises rather from a personal experience of his wonderful skill as a marksman, which seems indeed to be common to the race, than from any assurance of his native capacity, or even stomach, for fighting. Certainly their conduct at the capture of Zwartkopje Laager, where they treated our "white flag" with a shower of bullets, does not speak highly for their chivalry, whatever it may say for their patriotism; and no doubt, as Mr. Du Val says, it was lucky for them after their surrender, which followed very quickly on the sight of our soldiers' cold steel, that they had to do with the "comparatively mild Britisher." An Englishman is perhaps not quite an impartial judge, but certainly the impression our author leaves with us of the Boers is not altogether an agreeable one. It is more pleasing to turn to the records of female heroism and presence of mind which his pages present. At the beginning of the laager "a little delicate lame lady," further specified only as "a Mrs. H——," offered her services to Colonel Gildon to try to run the blockade with despatches to Sir George Colley in Natal; and, though the offer was very properly declined, Mr. Du Val, from his knowledge of the lady, asserts his belief that the attempt would have been successful. Again, when the Boers finally rose, and as their first act of hostility stopped the English mails at Heidelberg, Miss Clarke, one of two Irish girls, intending settlers with their father in the Transvaal, managed to secrete the Government despatches about her dress, and so carried them safely through to Pretoria. Every one will re-echo Mr. Du Val's hope that Miss Clarke has received "the meed of praise her fidelity and bravery deserve." On the whole, we must repeat our verdict, that fortune placed in Mr. Du Val's hands materials for a far better book than he has produced, and that he has himself been his greatest enemy. Should a second edition be found necessary—and for his sake we hope it may be—we would earnestly recommend him to reduce the two volumes to one, by carefully striking out all the facetious passages, and most of the purely personal reflections; and so, by confining himself directly to facts, of which he has a plentiful store, and which he has no lack of facility in describing, he might add a very readable contribution to our South African literature.

#### THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.\*

NO one who has ever paid any attention to the study of politics in general will be surprised to find that Mr. Sheldon Amos begins his book with a kind of apologetic defence of the use of the term "Science of Politics." The following sentence, from some oversight, clerical or corrective, is not grammatically intelligible, but what is meant is clear enough:—"There is a vast difference," Mr. Amos says, "between calling a branch of knowledge a science because it can only be profitably studied by the use of the same logical methods as are indispensable in the mastery of the best established physical sciences, and being [Mr. Amos apparently meant "asserting that it is"] as yet scientifically cultivated or advanced in outward form to the full proportions of a maturely developed science." This sentence indicates in the first half of it Mr. Amos's own view pretty completely, and it may be added that the style (we are not talking of the accidental breach of continuity just pointed out) also warns the reader that he is not to expect any Platonic honey to sweeten the subject. This last defect would be of more consequence if the former defect were of less. In other words, Mr. Amos's own conception of the science of politics appears to be so far short of what is desirable, and his idea of a science to be so lax, that the reader the less regrets an unattractive method of dealing with the subject. This at least is the impression which the reader of the first fifty pages or so is likely to carry away with him, and it is not entirely removed by the perusal of the rest of the book. Of the higher conception of a science as that which starts with an orderly definition of its subject-matter, a body of axioms and a hierarchical arrangement of deduction reaching the lowest facts of experience, Mr. Amos seems in relation to politics to have no idea whatever, if he does not expressly exclude such an idea. No one reading his book could account for the fact that a fundamental opposition of political views is traceable through all history except by the unscientific, accidental, and in many cases positively untrue supposition that what, for want of a better name, we may call the party of order

\* *The Science of Politics.* By Sheldon Amos. International Scientific Series. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

has always been guided by desire to keep, and the party of progress by desire to have. No one in looking down his list of chapters can discern any logical connexion between them, or even any but purely haphazard reasons for their inclusion or exclusion. The extraordinary insufficiency of his historical sketch (in which it is almost sufficient to mention that the very name of Bodin does not occur, nor that of any mediæval writer) is explicable only on the hypothesis of the same refusal to attempt a systematic view. What Mr. Amos has done has been to apply something like scientific treatment to a vast number of isolated political problems and cases by dint of utilizing all sorts of *axiomata media*, sometimes extemporized for the purpose, sometimes borrowed from other sciences. The result of the application of these is that he has delivered a vast number of judgments which are by no means unworthy attention. As providing something better than mere empirical treatment, as leading political students a little further back than the simple question "Which way will my party leaders vote?" as cautioning them against rash analogy, one-sided historical parallels, and so forth, Mr. Amos's book is not without value. Supposing that one such student or debater were to accept Mr. Amos *en bloc*, he would be able to render an immediate reason on a very large number of points for the faith that is in him. But if the antagonist of such a student were to adopt the uncomfortable Lucretian *te separar*, and to go on to ask the reason of those reasons, or some general principle which might at any rate connect them together, the student would be an uncommonly intelligent student if he could get out of Mr. Amos any satisfying answer. Therefore, in so far as the present book deals with the science of politics, we can only call it an elaborate and careful demonstration that a science of politics does not exist.

To say this, however, is by no means equivalent to saying that Mr. Amos's book is a book without value, or that it is without value to the scientific student of things political. On the contrary, the results of a man trained to exact thought and exact use of words, well read, and who has enjoyed considerable opportunities of actual observation, can never be without value in reference to their subject. Mr. Amos's book is in reality a kind of *sylva sylvarum* of political reflections on questions affecting ancient and modern, but especially modern, political life. Despite his want of philosophical connexion, there is considerable shrewdness in his judgments, and his threads, though singularly tied up in bundles instead of woven into a coherent web, are often very well-twisted threads. We are indeed informed (more by that kind of divination which the tolerably experienced student of politics acquires pretty soon than by actual utterances) that there are points, especially points connected with what he calls "right and wrong in politics," on which Mr. Amos is so much of a partisan as almost to be a crotchetee. The idea of the advice of medical experts being taken in any political matter appears especially to fill him with suppressed indignation, which seems (sometimes at quite unlikely moments) as if it were about to break into the full flames of anti-vaccinationism and anti-Contagious-Diseases-Acts-ism. But these moments are rare; and for the most part he is calm, and in a way impartial. We should say that he is unduly impartial, because his impartiality, as already hinted, savours rather of a want of apprehension of the vitality and real existence of political differences than of superiority to them. Nominalism in politics is a fatal error.

The careful reader however may, in reading Mr. Amos, pick up not a few *notabilita*. It is, for instance, a perfectly true remark that "forms of government are more pressing as matters of consideration the smaller the community is," and it suggests a valuable corollary (but not to Mr. Amos), that by machinery which brings political questions of the higher kind constantly and immediately before individual constituencies much of the advantage of large over small States is lost. The remark that politics is made all the harder to study by the absence in it of unambiguous technical terms is, if obvious, both true and important, though it is doubtful whether in the latter part of his book, where he constantly introduces the newfangled phrase "national conscience," our author has not forgotten it. On the other hand, Mr. Amos's dealings with the admittedly difficult terms constitutional and unconstitutional are a capital example of the confusion arising from his lack of the highest axioms. According to him, the idea of "constitutional" turns upon "large classes in the Constitution having indefeasible moral rights." *Que diable la moralité va-t-elle faire dans cette galère?* In fact, the inconvenience of such a lady on shipboard is best shown by the fact of Mr. Amos being led to the eccentric propositions that a Constitution and slavery are incompatible, and that the American Civil War was a natural result of this incompatibility. Occasionally Mr. Amos's observation as distinct from his reasoning seems distinctly at fault. One of the strongest tendencies observable in his book is a tendency to deprecate checks on democracy. This is in itself an instance of the disinclination to argue upwards which we have noticed. The great argument in favour of such checks is that, as the will of the greatest number is in every case when once manifested the final decider, it is obviously desirable that it should be kept back as much as possible precisely because it is irresistible. The strength of the strongest king or aristocracy must be used with some discretion because of the arbiter in the background; but that arbiter is itself practically irresponsible except to the avenging forces of nature. This is an order of consideration to which Mr. Amos rarely exerts himself to ascend. But, though the passages which show that he has not gone so high are many, the particular one to which we have just referred indicates a different source of error. He thinks that

both in the House of Commons and in "the more democratic assemblies of the English colonies," "argument and appeal to fact always win, or if a momentary victory is won over them, it is reversed at an early day." We sincerely wish we could think so, and we are very curious to know from what source Mr. Amos derives his notions of the proceedings and results, we will not say of the Parliament of Westminster, but of the Parliament of Melbourne. In the same way Mr. Amos seems to us to take a very optimist view of what he calls "the equally and freely developed State of Japan." But that is too wide a matter for argument here. The faculty of believing what he would like to believe—a pleasant but perhaps not really valuable faculty—appears strongly in Mr. Amos's references to women's suffrage, of which he is a warm advocate; and this is still more evident when, in dealing with the representation of wealth, he reverts to the example of the colonies. "The felt difficulty there as well as in America is to restrict and not to guard its proper influence." Now the improper influence of wealth in America and Australia is certainly large, but the proper influence is certainly very small. The rich man in either case can bribe or "boss" his poorer fellow-voters into doing his will; but he has no such influence as the House of Lords, the so-called territorial system, and the habit of choosing members of Parliament from the upper classes have hitherto given him in England. Almost immediately afterwards and while on the same theme (the doing away with electoral inequalities) Mr. Amos falls into the seemingly unavoidable pitfall which at one time or other receives all his kind. "Surely," he argues, "every member of the State is concerned with the good government of the State." One is almost weary of answering, "certainly every reasonable member of the State ought to be so concerned; but every member is not reasonable, and every reasonable member does not always do what he ought." When Mr. Amos says that Mr. Grote has "sufficiently shown" that the Athenian people were neither fickle nor unjust, we can only retort that Mr. Grote has shown nothing of the kind, though he did his best to show it, and that, if he had, Mr. Amos's own caution as to historical parallels would still apply. Again, Mr. Amos has certainly allowed himself a most extraordinary latitude in saying that "the complication of modern government has surpassed the power of Republican institutions introduced a century ago to deal with widespread corruption." A plain man who knew the facts would probably prefer to put it that the Republican institutions introduced a century ago in America have produced, by American testimony, the most widespread corruption the world has ever seen. Yet another instance of the odd reversal of the telescope. The extravagance of School Boards seems to Mr. Amos "the exhibition of a higher standard of public sentiment" than the selfish administration of Guardians. One may have little admiration for Bumbledom and yet gasp somewhat at this.

If this coasting along Mr. Amos's territories and making casual descents on them seems an unscientific or piratical way of criticizing, we may refer to what has been said at the outset. He is hardly to be criticized in any other way. As the utterance of a thoughtful and instructed, if not wholly philosophical, partisan of democracy, his book has interest, and we can part from him heartily endorsing, though not in his own sense, one of his phrases. The English House of Lords he says, in deprecating argument from the merits of that body to those of Second Chambers generally, "can never be reproduced." It certainly cannot, and the impossibility of replacing a thing is generally held to be one of the very strongest reasons for not meddling with it.

#### TWO NOVELS.\*

**T**HREE exists no doubt a considerable class of readers who are eager for historical information, but who like that information conveyed easily, and desire in fact to swallow the pills of history as far as possible in the jam of romance. To such persons Mr. Leader Scott's book will certainly be welcome, and they will be able to gather from it a very fair picture of Florence and Florentine manners in the fifteenth century. The story of *Messer Agnolo's Household* is indeed, as the author seems to admit in his preface, little more than a peg on which to hang his descriptions—descriptions which, if they are not very remarkable for vividness or beauty of expression, are at least readable, and apparently correct in costume and general colour. It would have been too much to expect to find really living dialogue in the present work. If George Eliot only just succeeded in making Romola and Tito talk as if they were alive, Mr. Leader Scott may be well excused if his characters sometimes assume that far-off, distant tone as of galvanized mummies which renders so many historical romances, be they ever so correct, inexpressibly depressing to the reader. Sir Walter Scott alone never allows his characters to fall into this tone, and perhaps that is the chief reason of his pre-eminence in this kind of writing, joined as it was in him with an inexhaustible faculty of creating stirring incident, and a comic power which is able to bring a character home to the hearts of his readers, no matter in what century they may be found. It is beyond our present limits, however, to discuss the conditions of the historical novel. *Messer Agnolo's Household* will serve as an excellent introduction to the study

\* *Messer Agnolo's Household*. By Leader Scott. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

*Geraldine Hawthorne: a Sketch*. By the Author of "Miss Molly" &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

of *Romola*; for those who have read it will be able to bring to the enjoyment of that wonderful story a good notion of the condition of the Republic and of the attitude of some of the chief families and parties in the State. In chapter xiv. there is a good sketch of the constitution of the Florentine Republic and of the duties of its various officers.

The first chapter, which contains an account of the Bottega of Domenico Ghirlandajo, is rather disappointing. There is made in it casual mention of some peasant who wanted a picture painted of a bull with four horns, and who had been sent away by the enthusiastic scholars with the remark that their master did not paint abortions. Ghirlandajo, when he hears this, is very angry, and says that, though he might not have undertaken it himself, "it could have been done in the shop." As this occurs in chapter i., a far-seeing reader would naturally suppose that this dark saying was intended to usher in a "cinque-cento" libel case, which was to be the plot of the story. But those interested in a late famous trial who would like to follow out something of the kind in a mediæval dress will be disappointed. Nothing comes of the remark, nor does any question ever arise as to whether Ghirlandajo endowed his pupils' works or they his with artistic merit. Without making any attempt to supply a sketch of Mr. Leader Scott's plot, we may mention that the story turns to some extent on the sacred lions (for it is to be supposed that we may call them so) of the Republic. It is needless to say that one of these lions escapes and does not quite manage to devour one of the heroines. It is, perhaps, equally needless to state that the Republic kept lions with such pious care out of compliment to all Scotchmen past and present. For it would appear that that noble race, with their usual ubiquitous kindness, assisted to found Florence, and were thus gratefully remembered. Mr. Leader Scott displays such vast erudition in his notes and citations of ancient chronicles and learned authors that we almost tremble to ask him whether a knowledge of Hindoo mythology and religious observances had sufficiently permeated the middle classes of Florence to allow a girl of sixteen in the year 1480 to exclaim in a moment of extreme agitation, after having been saved from a lion's jaws, "What will the citizens say? Oh, Carline, they will put you to death—the lions are as sacred as Hindu bulls!" If we are wrong in our supposition, and Pandolfini and Leon Battista Alberti talk as familiarly of Hindu bulls as of Dante or Petrarch, Mr. Leader Scott will no doubt pardon, if he smiles at, our ignorance. One more objection and we have done. The question might be decided by a solemn conclave of mothers. Could a "tiny girl" "dance to and fro" with a lion cub in her arms, even if the said cub had not its eyes open? Surely it would be too heavy.

*Geraldine Hawthorne* can hardly be called an historical novel, though it deals with the times of the War of Independence in America; for the date is hardly distant enough, and no elaborate attempt is made to give an eighteenth-century tone to the speeches of the characters. A novel that begins "Apple blossoms, apple blossoms everywhere. Apple blossoms crowning the gnarled trees overhead with thick masses; apple blossoms in single petals fluttering slowly, unsteadily earthwards . . . ; apple blossoms carpeting the soft moss, &c." is in these days likely to produce a nervous dread of what may be behind in the shape of "honey-haired" maidens and sunflowers and lutes. The fear, however, is in this case groundless; there is nothing else of the kind in the book, and as the first five or six pages are turned, the dread of a torrent of Transatlantic æstheticism passes silently away and the reader is able to enjoy a pretty, if somewhat slight and colourless, story of a woman's love and devotion. The fault of *Geraldine Hawthorne* as a novel lies in the want of strong delineation of character. The characters are too one-sided, and act too mechanically, for us to feel a real interest in their hopes and wishes. They are not, again, enough allowed to work out their own destinies; we feel too surely and strongly the course of the story beforehand; the hand of the creator that pushes them on for his own purposes is too much seen. Geraldine's love for her hero makes him her husband mechanically; the necessity that her love should bear the utmost strain makes her husband a traitor. But, after all, though Geraldine's absolute devotion to her husband (which might have been still further heightened had her sense of patriotism been more insisted on) is very touching and beautiful, and conceived with a true and fine sense, her character leaves us cold and unsympathetic. This is the same with all the other characters; they all need to be heightened, drawn up to a higher pitch of human interest. "Screw your divine theorbos six notes higher," says the poet; and this is what is needed to be done by the author of *Geraldine Hawthorne*. As regards plot there is not much to be said; people have given up expecting any action to be developed in the plot of a novel; but in the present case the story may be held sufficient to sustain the characters, and would indeed serve well enough were the characters adequately drawn. It is probably useless to give advice; but the advice one would wish to give to the author of *Geraldine Hawthorne* is to insist on the fact that in a novel there must be either good character-drawing or else a good plot and good incident. Even if the difficulty of making living characters cannot be surmounted, a carefully and ingeniously developed plot, joined to the power of writing possessed by this author, might serve to make many a pleasant and readable novel. Without one of the two essentials just named no novel can be successful or deserving of success.

#### MOYLE'S JUSTINIAN.\*

AMONG the many signs that have lately appeared of a serious revival of the study of Roman law in England, Mr. Moyle's edition of the *Institutes* is by no means the least remarkable. Its aim is in one way even more significant than its execution. For the goodness of the execution proves of itself only Mr. Moyle's personal competence. But the scope and thoroughness of the plan show that he counts, as we believe he rightly counts, on an interested and critical audience such as it would have been absurd to expect twenty years ago. Mr. Moyle takes a different ground altogether from the well-tried and serviceable student's edition of Mr. Sandars. He provides indeed for the student, but it is impossible not to see that much of his work is really addressed to teachers and mature scholars. Not only is the text explained, but considerable space is given to the discussion of unsettled points in the history and terminology of Roman jurisprudence. Of some of these resources of modern German learning and research are for the first time fully used by an English writer. Difficulties are faced with serious and independent criticism, and if there is anything to complain of, it is that critical discussion almost outruns the proportions which seem in themselves appropriate in a commentary on the elementary part of the *Corpus Juris*. To any such objection, however, Mr. Moyle has his answer ready beforehand. He has gone into matters which might perhaps be more in place in a systematic treatise like the *Institutionen* or *Pandekten* of the Germans. But no such treatises exist in English; and meanwhile the matter has to be dealt with somehow. In the result, we have here not merely an edition of the *Institutes*, but a pretty full introduction to the scientific study of Roman law. Whoever really knows the text of the *Institutes*, elementary as the work professes to be, has no mean knowledge of Roman law; and whoever has mastered Mr. Moyle's introductions and notes will know a good deal of the critical methods which have made a revolution in this branch of learning, and in its relation to general and historical jurisprudence, within the present century. We can give no truer or higher praise to Mr. Moyle's work than to say that the student who rightly marks and digests it will be ripe for Savigny. Not that we would discourage any one who has an orderly mind and can read German from taking up Savigny while he is yet in Mr. Moyle's company, and reading his exposition along with Mr. Moyle's not infrequent summaries and criticisms. There is a little danger, perhaps, of Savigny falling into the background; his ideas have become common property, many of his opinions on details have been controverted by his successors, and some have turned out untenable. But it would be a great misfortune if he came to be thought out of date. He was one of those men of commanding scientific genius whose very mistakes are splendid and luminous. He was no mere critic or commentator, but a creator of ideas; and Mr. Moyle has done well to bring forward the main points of his systematic treatment of Roman law with a certain prominence. With equally sound judgment Mr. Moyle has refrained from attempting to force Roman law into the dogmatic schemes and divisions imposed by Austin on English youth as the rules of eternal and immutable jurisprudence. Roman law is an historical system, not a *corpus vnde* for novel experiments in classification.

The General Introduction which takes the first place gives us a very fair taste of Mr. Moyle's work. A full and clear summary of the origins and earlier history of Roman law shows not only that the best authorities have been used, but that the subject has been grasped and assimilated as a whole. We may note as especially good passages of exposition the accounts of the *Prætor's Edict*, and of the system of legal authority and training in the classical period. The *auditors* and *studiosi* of an eminent Roman lawyer are only distantly represented by the pupils of an English barrister; a nearer analogy may be found in the relation of modern French painters to their masters—a relation which, most unhappily for the art, hardly exists in this country. If we must criticize something, we should say that Mr. Moyle is a little too severe on Ulpian's affectation of philosophy. True it is that the Roman lawyers did not—and, as Mr. Moyle himself justly adds, could not—clearly perceive the relation of philosophy to the special sciences; and their quasi-ethical definitions of justice and jurisprudence are certainly not satisfying. But we are not aware that these definitions did the rest of the work any harm. They are mere introductory flourishes, unconnected with the development of true legal ideas. A great deal of equally loose or looser talk about Equity may be found in received English text-books, which may now and then puzzle students, but has not prevented the Court of Chancery from making its rules as well settled and as little variable on impulses of apparent natural justice as those of any other Court. And the vague-looking *iuris præcepta* of the opening title of the *Institutes* are perhaps not so vague as they look. *Honeste vivere* seems to point fairly enough to the duties of one's particular function as a member of the State and of a family; *alterum non laedere* to respecting what are now called the primary rights of others, or rights availing against all the world; and *suum cuique tribuere* to the satisfaction of claims which a man's neighbour brings against him, not as one of the public merely, but as having undertaken a special liability. There are thus elements, though only elements, of a true legal classification. The resemblance to the division of moral duties in

\* *Imperatoris Justiniani Institutionum libri quatuor.* With Introductions, Commentary, Excursus, and Translation. By J. B. Moyle, B.C.L., M.A., &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1883. 2 vols.

our own Church Catechism is striking enough; indeed, it is difficult to think that the framers of the Catechism had not in their minds a phrase which every civilian must have known by heart. But the Catechism itself has a semi-legal character. And, though it is true that in sundry ways one may hurt others by word and deed, and deal untruly and unjustly, without coming in danger of the law, yet it remains no less true that the purpose of the law is to reinforce morality so far as it can; and to affect ignorance of the moral foundations and purposes of positive law would be the very pedantry of formalism. These "precepts" hardly pretend to be legal rules in the strict sense; they are the moral postulates of law, as Savigny says—"sittliche Vorschriften, worin Rechtsregeln ihre Grundlage haben." It was at worst an excusable vanity, we think, that led an Ulpian to rebut the sneers of Greek rhetoricians who wrapped themselves in the pride of superior culture. He would feel, though it might be obscurely, that a moralized and imperial system of law was more important to the world's welfare than thrashing out points of controversy between Stoics and Epicureans; and he might well boast that, in working for the perfection of such a system, he and his fellows were more truly doing the work of culture and philosophy—*veram philosophiam non simulatam affectantes*. One is tempted to suspect in Ulpian's language a specific allusion to some controversy of which we have lost the trace; at any rate, he was obviously maintaining a professional point of honour. Philosophy had come to mean almost what liberal education means to us. What was more natural, then, than that the leading profession among Roman gentlemen should, with or without exact propriety of language, claim an effective share in it?

We pass to the special introductions and notes. In entering on Book I. Mr. Moyle has to deal with the general arrangement of Gaius and Justinian, a matter on which, notwithstanding all the ingenuity brought to bear upon it, the last word has by no means been said. The difficulty is to make out exactly what note was struck, so to speak, in a Roman mind by the term *ius quod ad personas pertinet*. Mr. Moyle hits the point when he says that not every man was a person for the Roman lawyer. Nowadays we presume the first man we meet in the street to be a citizen possessing full civil rights, and as likely as not political rights too. If he is not legally capable of buying and selling with us, suing and being sued by us, there is something odd and exceptional about him. This is an essentially modern point of view. A Roman of the Republic had no reason to presume anything of the kind. To begin with, the man might be a slave—in other words, not a legal person at all. It may be thought that a slave could at once be discerned from a free man by dress and bearing; we are not inclined to believe that this was always the case. Putting slaves out of the question, however, there remained many possibilities about a man of respectable appearance who spoke Latin. He might be a freedman, or a Latinus, or a peregrinus. Even if a full Roman citizen, he might be a *filius-familias* under his father's or grandfather's power. Every one of these possible conditions carried its own distinct and proper measure of legal capacities. In the time of Gaius these matters were substantially the same as in the time of Cicero; and in the time of Justinian, though much had been simplified, there was still nothing like the modern presumption of legal equality. The first question a man asked himself before entering on any business, as a matter of the commonest prudence, must have been, With what sort of person (in the legal sense) have I to do? *ingenuus* or *libertinus*, Roman citizen or subject alien, emancipated or under another's power? Hence the prominence and importance of *ius quod ad personas pertinet* in a general introduction to legal doctrine are easily seen to be, from the point of view of Roman teachers and learners, not only natural but necessary. For the rest, Mr. Moyle follows Savigny and Sir Henry Maine in the observation that there is no evidence of this division being ancient, and the Roman institutional writers themselves did not, for aught that appears, attach more than a rough practical value to it. No such classification appears in the XII. Tables, the Edict, the Digest, or any of the earlier elementary works other than Gaius of which notices have come down to us. We should have liked to know what Mr. Moyle thinks of Böcking's peculiar and certainly ingenious theory—namely, that the classification of law as regarding Persons, Things, or Actions was not meant for a substantive division at all, but rather for an analysis of the elements, or, as the Germans say, *moments*, involved in any and every group of facts which may give rise to legal consequences. Every such group of facts has a threefold legal aspect. First and foremost we ask (as above said), What manner of Persons are concerned? Next, What Thing is in question—that is, what is the subject-matter of the possible claim or claim? Last, What Action is there, or does any definite claim of right arise, and how is it enforceable? To put this question last is the mark, as Sir Henry Maine has well shown, of a highly advanced state of legal institutions. In the order of thought disclosed by archaic codes and customs (including many which in point of actual date are far later than Justinian) the point of Action would come first, Persons next, and Things long way behind.

Various points of detail call for discussion in the Roman law of persons, and Mr. Moyle is too good a workman to slur over any of them. The most troublesome is the exact meaning of status, on which no two modern writers have been able to come to a perfect agreement. Mr. Moyle is judicious without timidity, and clear without dogmatism; his excursus on *capitis deminutio*, where he finds himself compelled to differ from Savigny, is an exceedingly

good piece of criticism. The conclusion that "it is always a *capitis deminutio (minima)* if a man loses his previous agnatic rights, even though he acquires in exchange a perhaps better and more advantageous position in another family," seems to reconcile all the authorities, and to remove the somewhat gratuitous difficulties which Savigny made for himself. Of the introductions to the other books, and the discussions to be found among the notes, we might find a good deal to say; but in our limits we must be content to have shown the general character of Mr. Moyle's work. The reader who has a taste for fundamental problems may be specially recommended to the introduction to Book II., where the Roman conceptions of *res* and *obligatio* are handled. Mr. Moyle does not quite succeed either here or in his commentary on Book IV. in settling the true bounds of Delict; the task, however, is one of the most difficult in the whole range of legal theory, and we are not aware that any one has yet accomplished it. The tendency of English forms of procedure, and of the English legal mind, has been in a kind of despair to make *Tort* or "wrong independent of contract" swallow up everything which is not a matter of contract; but this is cutting the knot by violence. Again, it is confidently propounded by some theorists that every kind of infringement of every legal right is equally and in the same sense a wrong, so that the chapter of Delicts or Torts has no place at all in a scientific arrangement of the law; but this is even worse, as being a more deliberate and pretentious error. We have to do with a real distinction in human affairs and morals, as is shown by the fact that such terms as *dolus* and *culpa* exist and have a meaning. Such distinctions ought to be saved whole, if possible, in law. The problem is to find for the distinction an apt and unexceptionable legal form not dependent on the technicalities of any particular system of procedure. And unsolved problems in the higher analysis of Jurisprudence are not within the lines of that which an editor of Justinian can fairly be expected to take upon himself. But Mr. Moyle is still young, and the Oxford Law School, after so good a beginning, will surely expect more and greater things of him in the future.

#### CECIL LAWSON.\*

WITHOUT doubt there is pleasure of an elevated kind to be derived from the mere sight of a handsome book, and its possession is greatly to be desired. Fine binding, broad margins, good paper, and clear type are excellent things. Yet it is also possible to have them on such a scale that they become too overpowering for enjoyment. A volume which ought manifestly only to be opened on a reading-desk as handsome as itself, and has to be stretched over like a stroke at billiards, has almost ceased to be a book, and has become an ornament. When such a volume exists for the sake of the plates only, its unmanageable size may be no drawback to its merits. It is better certainly to have the plates loose in a portfolio; but if the purchaser prefers to have them bound, he may innocently indulge his taste. A Memoir is, however, meant to be read, and should avoid unnecessary bulk. It ought not to have the appearance of having been written to the plates, like the Christmas story of an illustrated paper. Unluckily the Fine Art Society have published Mr. Gosse's pleasant Memoir of Mr. Cecil Lawson so as to make it obvious that they have thought of the plates first and the text afterwards. The volume is far too big to be read with comfort, and the width of the margins is excessive. Under these circumstances it was doubly incumbent on them to see that the engravings were worthy of the importance given them. The exact reverse is the case. The seven full-page illustrations include a portrait of Cecil Lawson by Mr. Herkomer, which is a fine piece of workmanship, and an etching by the same artist of the first sketch for "The Hop Gardens of England," of inferior merit. The other five are quite unworthy of a book of such pretensions. Mr. J. Sadler's steel engraving of the "Hop Gardens of England" is smooth and finished in workmanship, but it fails to render the tones of the picture with accuracy. Whether by the fault of the engraver or the printer, the relative force of the lights in the background is misrendered. All the left side of the picture is thrown into far too strong a shadow. Three of the others are called facsimiles of original drawings, but it is to be hoped that they trounce their originals. "The Morn in russet mantle clad" is a piece of splashy, scratchy drawing, such as the "Art" is addicted to presenting to its subscribers. The "View from Don Saltero's" is pitchy and unpleasant. In "The Swan and the Iris" Mr. Whistler has almost outdone these "facsimiles." Without the title and Mr. Gosse's text, it would be impossible to tell that the shapeless spread of line and shadow on the left side of the etching was meant for a swan. The iris might be made of iron. Mr. Gosse introduces these facsimiles and the wood engravings in the text with something like an apology. He warns us that they "must be considered merely as indications of the general character of some of his (Mr. Lawson's) less-known work." But in that case the size, splendour, and general pretension of the book are painfully out of place. It is almost absurd to bring out an unwieldy *édition de luxe* and put very little else in it than mere indications of an artist's less-known work. It is

\* *Cecil Lawson: a Memoir.* By Edmund W. Gosse. With Illustrations by Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., J. A. M. N. Whistler, and Cecil Lawson. London: The Fine Art Society, Limited. 1883.

a poor way of doing honour to Mr. Lawson, and we cannot think that the Fine Art Society have acted by Mr. Gosse's advice in the matter. His Memoir gives the publication its only merit, and has no need to be saved by beauties not its own. We hope to see it printed by itself in a handy octavo form, with the wood engraving of the "Pastoral" as a frontispiece; and we trust that when the Fine Art Society design to publish a splendid folio again, they will take more trouble to make the inside and the out agree a little better. They will also do well to remember that when an indifferent wood engraving is put upon India paper it looks worse, and not better, for the fineness of the material.

The life which Mr. Gosse has undertaken to tell was neither long nor varied, and did not differ in its main features from the lives of many other artists. Cecil Lawson came of a family of painters, began to use pencil and brush as playthings as a boy, imitated other men in his youth, and at last achieved independence and originality for himself. It does not appear that his family put any pressure on him; they simply allowed him to go his own way. Indeed it is plain—sometimes only too plain—that he never received a regular training of any kind. His schooling was scanty and broken. He picked up his knowledge of the technical part of his art in his father's studio. At fourteen he was already a professional painter, and was selling little pictures which were such close imitations of William Hunt that many were disposed of by the dealers with the signature of that artist forged to them. Some of these works he afterwards recovered and claimed for himself. The more original side of his work at this period of his life was illustrated by "The Passing Shower." "The painting," says Mr. Gosse, "is *gauche* from a technical point of view, and bears no very strong family likeness to Cecil Lawson's subsequent work, except in the sky, which is very boldly treated with masses of voluminous cloud, quite in his mature style, the drawing of the outlines of the cloud being, perhaps, on the whole the most skilful and the most promising feature in a work which is conscientious, but not at all attractive." This conscientious study of nature was the quality which saved Cecil Lawson. He was morbid as a boy, and continued to be so more or less throughout life. His education was confined to his home, and therefore was narrow and cramping. His friends were few, and, in spite of the very genuine faculty of many of them, somewhat of a peculiar people. With this character and in these surroundings it was only by his passion for honest work that Cecil Lawson was saved from becoming a mere prig in painting, as men of not inferior qualities have done who did not find it so difficult to create an ideal world and copy that. In 1869 and 1870, when he was about eighteen, he voluntarily applied himself to a course of steady work at the National Gallery, with the happiest effects on his style. In 1871 his two pictures, "The River in Rain" and "Cheyne Walk, Chelsea," were well hung in the Academy, and gained him a popularity which was more noisy than lasting. The fickleness of public taste was more apparent than real in this. Cecil Lawson, as Mr. Gosse puts it, "had received in 1871, after selling his pictures, a few commissions; and he continued to paint Chelsea views of the Thames—a subject which was novel and seemed likely to be taking." In short, he began to repeat himself. It was well for the artist himself that they did not prove taking, and that he was saved from becoming a superior manufacturer of pot-boilers, a fate which has overtaken many of his contemporaries. He was left with no temptation to cut short in the middle his education in his art. For some years after this flash in the pan of popularity, he went on working steadily. He drew much for the wood-cutters, gallantly taking up all the work that came in his way, which seems to have been abundant and fairly well paid. With the Academy he was less fortunate. "The Hymn to Spring," which he sent in for the Exhibition of 1873, was refused; and in the following year he was almost as badly treated in another way. "The Pastoral" was hung just under the roof, having apparently been removed from the better place first chosen for it to make room for some daub, the production of a relative of one of the Hanging Committee. Mr. Gosse's comment on the rejection of the "Hymn to Spring"—which he acknowledges to have "a little of the heaviness" of young work—strikes us as sounding somewhat on the side of exaggeration. "It is an answer," he says, "to the remark which is often made that in these days genius has only to come forward to be instantly appreciated, that this picture, into which the young master had breathed his very soul, and which is as beautiful in its way as anything which he ever produced, could find no place on the walls of the Royal Academy of 1873." Surely there never was an artist who paid less dearly for the sin of being original and a man of genius. He was recognized as an artist of power before he was twenty, and though there was a period of depression and struggle in his life it was very short. He was recognized by the inner circle of admirers which always gathers round every artist before he is generally known to the world. In 1878 he awoke and found himself famous at the age of twenty-seven. The Director of the Grosvenor Gallery had heard of his works, and gave them a fair chance of being seen. His triumph was immediate. In his biographer's words, "The 4th of May, 1878, was the crowning moment of Cecil Lawson's existence, the birthday of his life." It was the private view of the Grosvenor for that year; and Mr. Gosse gives a very kindly and humorous picture of the artist's unaffected delight on the occasion:—

The ovation at the Grosvenor Gallery was a great deal more to him than any personal compliment. It was the acknowledgment, after a most painful and prolonged denial of certain truths, of a certain system of practice

which appeared to him to be of the most vital importance. It was a triumph to himself perhaps, but it was far more, in his estimation, a triumph of the veritable principles of landscape art in England. And when he arrived in New Bond Street, and found his "Minister's Garden" in the place of honour, and his "Pastoral" surrounded by a dense throng of admirers—when he became conscious that in a collection of pictures which was more the fashion, for the moment, than the Royal Academy itself, to which Burne Jones, Watts, Alma Tadema, and Millais had sent of their best, he was the chief attraction and the lion of the hour—his whole nature seemed to expand with happiness. The great men clustered round him. One of the most venerated names in English art took him by the hands and said, "You have done with ease what I have striven all my life in vain to do." Another, scarcely less eminent, cried out, "Where have you been hiding all these years to burst upon us now?" His heart seemed ready to break with bliss, and it is a pleasant thing merely to remember how he smiled. It was from sheer expansion of happiness, and certainly from no desire to attract notice by singularity, that he could not support the weight of his hat, and stalked, with that little strut natural to short persons when they are happy, up and down among the crowd of visitors, his crisp and bushy masses of auburn hair everywhere the centre of a ring of congratulation. He was radiant all that day; everything pleased him; every picture on the walls was a masterpiece, and never was a captious critic so suddenly disarmed. His position was very singular; it has perhaps been shared by no other artist of our time. Other men have been ill treated by the Royal Academy, and have possessed their souls in silence; but before they obtained public recognition they have always gathered round them a group of select worshippers. Cecil Lawson was scarcely known at all, even to artists, when he suddenly took the place of honour on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery.

All that Mr. Gosse says here cannot be accepted without some reservation. An artist who attains to his fame at twenty-seven can scarcely be said to have suffered from a most painful and prolonged denial. And some of his fellow-artists, notably Frederick Walker, had fully recognized his abilities years before. He does not seem from Mr. Gosse's own narrative to have found any great difficulty in getting good work to do and being paid for it. Compared with Millet's lifelong fight to keep the wolf from the door, his was an easy struggle and an early victory. Nevertheless, the fight was a gallant one, and it is pleasant to know that he lived to enjoy his triumph. His time was indeed very short, only four years, but perhaps it was long enough for his fame. Mr. Gosse, who does not allow his judgment to be overpowered by admiration for his hero, acknowledges that his later work suffered from the "absolute frenzy of excitement" which was produced by his success. He attributes the faults of the later pictures to an "excess in matters of judgment" which the public "mistook for scamped work and slackening zeal." As far as the practical result is concerned it does not much matter whether he erred through ambition or carelessness. His work fell off from the standard of his time of struggle. The progress of the disease of which he died had something to do with it, but it seems only too probable that haste to enjoy the material rewards of success had its share. He might have lived down that fever of a not very noble ambition, but it is also possible that he might have lost himself in mere extravagance. His early death saved him at least from that. In his later days he had begun to try to express emotions of various kinds by means of his landscapes, and it is more than possible that he would have ended by thinking too exclusively of the emotion, and making truth to nature subordinate. He had never been a mere copyist of the outside of things just as they presented themselves to him; but until the last there was at least an effort to secure a strict artistic truth to nature. Indeed it is conspicuously present in one of his latest canvases, that named "On the Road to Mentone," which is, however, obviously a study. The passages in which Mr. Gosse defines Cecil Lawson's artistic method and aims are among the best parts of an excellent little biography.

#### WOMEN ARE STRANGE.\*

IT is easy to discover objections to the practice of advertising what professes to be a three-volume novel under the title of the first story of a collection. There are inveterate novel-readers who hate short stories, inasmuch as the interest that may have been blown into a glow is often difficult to rekindle when it dies prematurely. But there is something to be said on the other side. Short stories are likely to be light; and, unless the author shoots wofully wide of the mark, we may hope that they will be tolerably easy reading. It is something, moreover, for the critic to have variety of fare, so that change may tempt his sated appetite. In the present case we think that the author has judged wisely. Mr. Robinson's fancy, on the whole, has served him well, and he shows in his manner of treatment a commendable versatility. His *pièce de résistance* is of the stage, and very stagy. Not only are the leading personages interested directly or indirectly in the drama; but they are oddly impulsive and theatrically artificial. The "women are strange" according to Mr. Robinson; and he might very safely have said as much of his men. All of them drift before their impulses and their passions; nor do they, even for a moment, seem to know their own minds. They are the heroes of what might have been the broadest farce, rather than of what approaches in some of its scenes to veritable tragedy.

Colonel Darrell, who comes forward to play the leading part, is presented to us in the opening pages as a stern and somewhat dangerous man, embittered by a deep-seated sorrow. It is true that he has a long-standing sorrow, yet the austerity of his

\* *Women are Strange; and other Stories.* By F. W. Robinson, Author of "Grandmother's Money," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

stately dignity is only skin-deep; the Colonel is the sport of his changing moods, and any good-looking woman can twist him round her finger. When we meet him first he is hanging about the doors of the Gwynne Theatre; and by dint of bribery and an imposing presence he succeeds in forcing the preposterous *consigne*. The important little manager is cowed by the Colonel's air and assurance; and we confess that, had we stood in the shoes of Mr. March, we should have been much inclined to come to terms with the visitor. The Colonel, who has just returned from India, is in search of a missing daughter, who is starring at the "Gwynne" under an assumed name. He misses her there; but he finds her elsewhere, thanks to indications furnished by the manager. The meeting takes place under the excited eyes of a lively gathering of professional Thespians and amateurs. The Colonel makes something of a scene, but he comes to an understanding with his child. She even consents to abandon the stage, and establishes herself with him at Keyser's Hotel in Blackfriars. Unfortunately for him, he is not the only gentleman who has secured a strong interest in her affections. The brilliant tragedian, Mr. Harvey Grange, having persuaded her to plight her troth to him, is in the habit of quarrelling with her periodically. She might not have gone away so docilely with her father had not she and her lover at that moment been at daggers drawn. Now, taking the Colonel as he is presented to us at first, we should have said that "Mr. Grange" would have been absolutely antipathetical to him. Grange is vain, and something of a swaggerer; he has an uncertain temper, and he is fanatically devoted to the stage, from which the Colonel is seeking to wean Miss Darrell. But, contrary to the well-known French proverb, the Colonel is only a Tartar so far as the epidermis is concerned; scratch the skin, and the stuff beneath is extraordinarily soft and pliable. Grange, although in the main he strives to make himself agreeable, is continually rubbing his future father-in-law the wrong way. In fact the one is a gentleman while the other is not. The Colonel is represented as a gallant soldier and the actor is an aesthetic prig. Yet the actor, with any amount of prejudice against him, has it all his own way in the end; and the obdurate parent, like the heavy father of the old drama, hands his daughter over to the man who had been his antipathy with a light-hearted "Take her, you dog, and be happy." Looking at the merits of the match from a worldly point of view, it is true that "Mr. Grange" is not altogether ineligible. He is the son of a rich Alderman, though he had been stage-struck like Miss Darrell, and his father has the means of making a handsome provision for him. But the Alderman and the Colonel had met before, when they had found themselves absolutely hateful to each other, and they had exchanged language which was much more than uncivil. But all through the story, what seemed likely to prove serious episodes are always degenerating into low comedy; and the conduct of the men is strange beyond credibility, unless we are content to regard them in a purely ludicrous light.

As for the ladies, of course they are strange, by Mr. Robinson's own avowal. Yet Miss Darrell is no more strange than we might expect of the daughter of so very volatile a father. In fact, for her many frivolities and foibles she may plead an hereditary excuse. Her father, who had trod the boards himself in his hot youth, had picked up her pretty mother behind the footlights. The daughter had been driven from the protection of the aunts he had selected for her guardians by the irritating severity of a "strange" trio of old women. She had found a refuge with a "strange" embodiment of inconsistencies in the shape of a gay old actress who still lives with theatre folks, and throws herself heart and soul into their pursuits. And as her talents and her beauty had made a great success, she has had her head turned by the flatteries of which she has been the object. If we needed anything to complete an apology for her eccentricities, it would be a study of the character of the missing mother. That worthy lady has been discovered living under the roof of the woman who has likewise taken Miss Darrell under her special patronage. And finally, in a strong, if somewhat improbable, situation, we find the husband and the wife and their actress daughter all occupying apartments in the same house on the eve of the inevitable family *réunion*. The mother makes acquaintance with the daughter; the injured husband meets his wife; and the result, though it may have been true to the mother's nature, is eminently disappointing from an artistic point of view. So obviously feather-brained as a girl that none but a fool could possibly have married her, Mrs. Darrell remains painfully idiotic and volatile to the last, even when a crippling complaint has been slowly mastering her and when she suspects herself to be actually in the shadow of death. Neither her daughter's profusions of devotion and love nor her husband's presence can touch her; and she has her fatal attack—appropriately in a stage-box—while the curtain goes down on the glare of the footlights. There is originality of conception in the story, no doubt, and consequently a certain freshness. But if Mr. Robinson gives a faithful picture of the inner life of people on the stage, all we can say is that the profession is greatly to be pitied.

"The Head Waiter" is in a different style, and although less technically theatrical it is more dramatic. The self-revelations of the worthy old waiter are very artistically managed. There is a deep pathos and also a grim humour in his unhappy matrimonial experiences, and the pathos is cleverly made to crop up through the trivialities of vulgar dissipation. Jacob, being a most respectable man, is singularly unfortunate in his vocation. He is head-waiter at the Apollo Tavern and Music Hall, where question-

able songs are sung to an exceedingly mixed society. An old acquaintance bequeaths him the charge of his only daughter, with a dying request that the guardian should marry the girl. Jacob, whose feelings towards her are more paternal than marital, resolves to offer to carry out the wishes of his friend, and wins the young woman's assent to the arrangement. Once married, and rather to his surprise, he has a very happy home; and his young wife proceeds to present him with a pledge of their mutual affection. Then comes so marked a change in their circumstances that it weighs even upon his unsuspecting nature. His wife becomes visibly uneasy and irritable, and craves for excitement by way of distraction. He weakly assents to her wish that he should take her of an evening to the Apollo. He is loth to see her in such a place, although ready to trust her implicitly in all essentials. Very soon, however, he becomes a prey to the green-eyed monster, and with only too good reason. He knows that his wife has meeting with a fashionable frequenter of the music hall. He is forced to believe in the understanding between them, which she vainly attempts to deny. And then we have a succession of cleverly managed situations, where the waiter, while discharging his duties, is almost driven out of his mind. The climax comes, when, broken-down and half-crazed, the poor old man has been engaged as a supernumerary at a brilliant entertainment given by a lady of the *demi-monde*, who proves to be the Jessie he had loved so dearly. The pangs he feels behind the supper-tables are made far more bitter by meeting his own child, who is being brought up to a miserable future. Latterly, he has always carried poison about his person; he had meant to administer a dose to the mother; now he thinks it better to bestow it upon the child. Calmer second thoughts save him from the commission of a terrible crime, and yet in the retrospect he misdoubts the wisdom of his decision. "I saw them never again," he says, "but I still think my little child would have been safer in God's hands than her mother's, and that it would have been merciful to put her there." The tone of "The Woman who Saved Him" is as serious as that of "The Head Waiter," though it has a different and a happier ending. A brave young girl going after a disputable brother comes upon a ragged waif in the extremity of misery. The young Arab is in the depths of sorrow as well, since he has just lost a crippled brother, the only thing in the world he cared for. He snarls like an untamed wolf-cub at the hand that would soothe his sorrows, and is very ready to turn upon it and rend it. But the bold and benevolent young woman perseveres, finally dominates that savage nature, and even, reclaiming the boy from active crime, succeeds in shipping Master Bill to the colonies. That he should do extremely well there by no means surprises us; for even while kennelling in Gregson's Rents in rags and a cellar, the author indicated with some ingenuity that there was sound stuff in his nature. Bill comes back, rich and highly respectable, to become the benefactor of his benefactress in turn; and, notwithstanding a considerable disparity in years, he persuades her to crown her good works by marrying him. As to all appearance the union will be a blissful one, it is a striking example of charity bringing its own reward.

#### WITT'S MYTHS OF HELLAS.\*

IN the general improvement which has taken place of late years in books for children there is no more satisfactory feature than the tendency to get rid of moral and didactic tales. It may fairly be doubted whether such works ever did any of the good which their authors no doubt intended them to do, though happily children of healthy temperament were too much bored by them to receive any serious harm from their perusal. Of course such books have not by any means disappeared even now, nor are they likely to do so until the day of universal victory of discretion over zeal. Still we do see and hear less and less of the self-conscious schoolboy with a morbid interest in ethical problems, and of the priggish little girl in a consumption who reproves the worldliness of her elder sisters, moves to tears a susceptible circle of grown-up friends, and discusses religious questions with the housemaid. Of the books by which growing common sense has replaced literature of this class none are at the same time so delightful and so useful as those which deal with the mythology and fairy tales of various nations. There is something especially appropriate in setting before children the legends which form the subject-matter of the earliest literature of all races, and in the case of the legends of Greece there is a special reason, which is well stated by Mr. Sidgwick in his preface:—

Without entering on any controverted question, it is clear that even in classical schools the teaching of Greek will have in the future to occupy fewer hours, and probably to begin at a later age, than hitherto. The much greater number of subjects now taught, and necessarily and rightly taught, makes this inevitable. And if the same good, or anything like the same good, is to be got out of the fewer hours, there must be considerable modifications of method. And one obvious modification is, that much which before was taught slowly and painfully by means of the Greek authors should be learnt quickly and pleasurable by means of an English rendering.

We do not entirely share Mr. Sidgwick's enthusiasm over the

\* *Myths of Hellas; or, Greek Tales Told in German.* By Professor Witt, Head-Master of the Altstadt Gymnasium at Königsberg. Translated into English (with the Author's sanction) by Frances Younghusband. With a Preface by Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co.

increasing multiplicity of subjects taught in schools. And it seems to us that those who cannot spare time to learn Greek thoroughly had better leave it alone altogether. On the other hand, nothing can, we think, be lost by boys beginning the language at a later age than hitherto. If a boy has learnt Latin for three years or so before beginning Greek, he soon brings the second language up to something like the level of the first when he has got over the difficulties of the accidence; and it will then undoubtedly be a great advantage to him to be already familiar with the legends on which so much of Greek literature is based. We write with a lively recollection of our own early schooldays, which enables us to echo, even to the title of the play, Mr. Sidgwick's observations on this branch of his subject:—

The present writer would have a much less weary memory of his early struggles with the *Alcestis* of Euripides at the age of twelve, if he had been familiar from the age of six with such a version of the story as is presented in this volume.

It seems strange, considering the important place which Greek has occupied in education, that until now no book has, so far as we know, appeared in England containing the great mass of Greek legend in a form suited for children's reading. Cox's *Mythological Tales*, Kingsley's *Heroes*, and, best of all, Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* have told, often very charmingly, a few chosen stories, but all these writers have left vast stores of legend untouched. For the most part, too, their object has been something else than merely to tell the stories in a simple way. Some have aimed at doing in prose what the authors of the *Earthly Paradise* and the *Epic of Hades* have done in verse, and have given new literary form to old legends. Allegorical applications of the myths have been uppermost in the minds of others; they seem to be constantly pointing a moral over the children's heads at the grown-up people in the background. It may be for these reasons that we have sometimes found children grow a little weary of these tales, and turn with relief to simply-told legends from Northern mythology—tales from the Edda and such. As compared with these the Greek legends, with all their beauty, lack one important element of interest for children. They are wanting in humour. There is indeed a kind of boisterous fun about some of the legends of Heracles which always attracts young people; but there is nothing in all Greek mythology like the stratagem by which Thor recovered his hammer from the giant Thrym, with the giant's amazement at his supposed bride's appetite, and the ingenious explanations of Loki. Any book is therefore welcome which will increase the popularity of Greek myths among children, and Professor Witt has certainly chosen the right way to do this. He tells his story with directness, avoiding expansion and literary ornament of every kind, and he writes in a simple natural style which has been admirably preserved by the translator. The language is quite within the comprehension of even young children, without ever seeming to condescend to them, and no attempt is made to spin out the stories. If a legend can be told in a page it is not allowed to occupy two.

The stories have been taken chiefly from Apollodorus, but Hesiod, Homer, and Sophocles have also been laid under contribution, and the range covered is very wide, some legends being introduced which are rarely to be met with in the writers ordinarily studied in schools. This being the case, it is the more surprising that some important myths have not been included. For instance, none of the tales connected with and arising out of the siege of Troy are told; the names of Achilles, Agamemnon, and Odysseus do not occur. So many of the most important Greek tragedies are founded on the story of the house of Atreus that the omission of all legends relating to it is especially to be regretted. It may be that Professor Witt feared to make his book too lengthy; perhaps he thought the whole story too horrible to be set before children. We are told in the preface that in borrowing from Sophocles "it has been necessary to exercise some care in the selection of what would be suitable for a book intended to be placed in the hands of children." No doubt; but surely a writer who excludes on this ground the legend of Orestes while he inserts that of Oedipus may be reminded of a reproach addressed to the Scribes and Pharisees. This brings us to another question. Is it desirable to put into the hands of children such stories as the loves of Zeus, however delicately veiled in euphemisms? The question is of course as old as Plato, who answered it emphatically in the negative, and went a good deal further in his denunciation of these poetic figments. We are by no means disposed to excessive prudery in such matters, and boys must obviously become acquainted with these subjects when they come to read Greek tragedy. But we are inclined to think that the knowledge of them is better put off until then. Young children, though moral questions as such do not generally occur to them, are keenly alive to any social conditions differing from those which they see around them every day, and their curiosity is soon aroused by anything unusual. It is therefore undesirable and unnecessary to place before them such stories as that of Leda, for example, especially when there are so many entirely free from all objection which might take their place.

In other respects the book seems to us to be all that one could desire. The stories of Bellerophon and of Perseus are well told; so, too, is that of Alcestis, though we do not know why Professor Witt rejects the version of the legend according to which the restoration of Alcestis to life was the work of Heracles. The Quest of the Argonauts is told at some length, and is divided into five chapters. We have the story of the Golden Fleece, the journey to Colchis, the fight for the Fleece, the return home, and

the vengeance of Medea. The whole tale is admirably told, and is sure to delight all children who read it. Some forty pages are devoted to the legends of Heracles, whose whole history from birth to death is fully related. The wars between the gods and giants are briefly given, and we find the legends of Europa and Cadmus, of Meleager and Atalanta, of Endymion, Niobe, and Daedalus, with others too many to be mentioned. We have already referred to the few sins of omission and of commission which are to be noticed in the book; in other respects Professor Witt has chosen admirably. It was a happy idea to make use of ancient works of art in describing the appearance of gods and heroes, as well as incidents which occur in the legends. Thus the description of Artemis suggests a well-known statue; the death of Niobe's children has been written with an eye to the well-known group representing their slaughter by Apollo and Artemis; and various passages in the history of Dionysus are illustrated in the same way. It is difficult in an extract to give any good idea of the way in which the myths are treated; but the following passage from the close of the story of Alcestis will show that the style, though of course it lacks the charm of Hawthorne's, is admirably suited to children. It is the more praiseworthy when we consider that the work is a translation:—

Admetus and Alcestis loved each other dearly, and lived happily together for many years. But after some time had passed, Admetus was smitten with a sore sickness, and every one said that he must die unless his life could be saved according to the promise of Apollo. The people thought that as his father and mother were now very old and could not hope to live much longer in any case, they would be willing to die instead of Admetus; but they loved their life more than they loved their son, and would not part with it until they were obliged. Then the beautiful Alcestis went into her chamber and prayed to the gods that they would allow her to give up her life to save her husband, and when she had ended her prayer, she lay down on the bed and died. At the same moment Admetus became suddenly well, and was able to stand up and walk about. He did not know how it was that he had been so quickly cured until he went into the chamber of Alcestis, and saw her lying dead upon the couch; then he understood how it was, but he felt that he would much rather have died himself. All through the palace there was loud lamentation, for all the household loved Alcestis dearly, because she was so good and kind to them. Admetus would not leave her couch, but sat beside it holding her cold hand, which was ever wet with his tears. Night came on and morning dawned again, but he gave no heed to it, and the corpse had already become quite cold—when suddenly it began to grow warm again, and presently Alcestis heaved a deep sigh, opened her eyes, and was once more alive.

Professor Witt, it will be seen, succeeds better in enlisting the sympathies of his audience on the side of Admetus than Euripides does, at any rate in the eyes of modern readers. His work, as well as that of his translator, has been so well done that there is the more reason to regret the one grave objection to which, in our opinion, the book is open.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW edition, considerably enlarged, of that eminently useful work, Bemrose's *Choir Chant Book*, has been sent to us. The editor, Mr. Charles Edward Stephens, whose labours in this particular branch of musical form are well known, sets forth in a brief preface the principles which have guided him in the selection of the chants contained in the volume. He has avoided following the example of others in assigning particular chants to each day of the month, a method which, although it is attended with a certain convenience, he considers objectionable as limiting the variety which should be aimed at in conducting the services of the Church—a wise forbearance on his part for which we doubt not all organists who have the interests of their profession at heart will thank him. It is obviously unnecessary to speak of the collection of chants itself, except to say that they have been edited with all the care and learning which Mr. Stephens is known to expend upon any work which he may take in hand; but this new edition is furnished by its editor with a most useful appendix entitled "Notices of Composers," which will be found to contain a large amount of information concerning the lives and appointments of the various composers whose chants have been used in the body of the book, much of the information being wholly new. The notices are necessarily short, but convey in some cases in a few words as much as if whole pages had been given to the subject. Thus we learn that Jonathan Battishill, the celebrated glee writer and organist of Christ Church, Newgate Street, in 1767 became a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, "but subsequently was expelled for non-payment of his subscription," a fact which when compared with Mr. Stephens's notice of William Boyce, two pages further on, is not much of a matter for surprise. According to Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Boyce resigned the two City organistships of St. Michael's and Allhallows upon his appointment as organist to the Chapel Royal in 1758. Mr. Stephens says that Boyce held these appointments for ten or eleven years afterwards, and that, so far from resigning either of them, he was dismissed from one, "and some one was paid 5s. 3d. to officiate between May 18th and June 8th, when Mr. Evans was appointed," and we are further told that the joint salaries amounted at that time to only 20*l.* a year. Small wonder that Battishill failed to pay his subscription, if he was dependent on such salaries as his master was willing to receive, and was evidently loth to part with, the marvel rather being that organists could live upon such a pittance. Again, we learn that John Farrant resigned the post of organist at Hereford Cathedral in 1593, "having been

previously admonished for alleged insolence," probably holding his art at a higher value than the Dean and Chapter did in those days; but perhaps the case of Thomas Tudway, the organist and choirmaster at King's College, Cambridge, as well as at St. Mary's and Pembroke Hall, whose fatal habit of punning led him into sad scrapes, is the most interesting; for, "having perpetrated a pun which was construed into disloyalty to the Queen Anne," he was, on July 20, 1706, suspended of all degrees taken and to be taken, and deprived of his organist's place at St. Mary's Church and of his Professorship of Musick in the University." He was however, upon humble apology, after a short time reinstated in his offices by command of the Queen. Unfortunately Mr. Stephens has not given us the pun which the Professor made, a mistake which perhaps he will correct in his next edition. As to Samuel Wesley, also, the editor has collected a great deal of hitherto unpublished information, and he is justly surprised that it should have been left to him to point out the particulars of such a life, even a celebrated *Dictionary of Musicians*, by Sainsbury, giving the date of Wesley's death as 1817, whereas he lived for twenty years after that date. We can thoroughly recommend this little book as a masterly piece of work of its kind.

Herr Carl Mangold, a Professor at that useful institution which was established some few years ago under the auspices of the Corporation of the City of London, the Guildhall School of Music, has written a small but concise *Manual of Harmony*, which is published by Messrs. W. Morley & Co. In these days of multitudinous manuals and primers of harmony, which seem to serve by their diversity of methods only to distract the aspiring student and to render confusion in his mind more confused, we are apt to look on any addition to the mass already accumulated with a somewhat cautious eye; but Herr Mangold's contribution is one in decidedly the right direction. In a modest little preface, in which he justifies his claim to be heard on the subject as a life-worker in the science of counterpoint, after the study of the works of Fux, Albrechtsberger, Cherubini, Gottfried Weber, André, Rinck, and Hummel, the last three having been his tutors, he states his reasons for writing this work, which are best given in his own words. "It has been my intention," he says, "to introduce the great rules of counterpoint, without which Harmony cannot be clearly understood, as a framework for the details of the study. I have also endeavoured to make Thorough Bass (the art of harmonizing by means of figures) thoroughly comprehensible, excluding unnecessary restrictions and controverted points, which may be considered by advanced students later on." The consequence is that the author has produced an intelligible, and, as far as the student is concerned, we think an interesting, treatise upon this difficult study. Hitherto, judging from the various manuals already before us, with very few exceptions, each author has endeavoured to air some theory of his own, aided by a crowd of restrictions and exceptions to rules already given which so thoroughly perplex students that many have given up the pursuit of knowledge under such difficulties in sheer disgust, added to which the inquirer finds that he is expected to master a mass of scientific facts connected with the theory of sound or harmonics before he can obtain an insight into the mysteries of the common chord or the chord of the dominant seventh. These mysteries practically vanish, however, under the common-sense instruction supplied by Herr Mangold, and the conscientious student, even if he has no master to aid him in escaping the difficulties he must meet with, will find that when he has worked through this little book (there are but 63 pages in it) he has gained an amount of knowledge which will make his path easier on his journey towards the higher branches of the science, to the attainment of which this little manual will certainly incite him. An appendix thrown into the form of question and answer gives concise definitions of some of the terms in use in harmony, and much useful information upon the more general kinds of musical form. We can safely recommend this Manual to all students.

Of sheet music Messrs. W. Morley & Co. send us some songs of which "Fancy That," by Atherton Furlong, is pretty and humorous, with a slight but correct musical framework, and the same may be said of "Cleverly Caught," the words by Juba Kennerley and the music by Henry Pontett, and "Turning the Tables," by Alfred J. Caldicott. "The Gates of Heaven," the words by D'Arcy Jaxone, to music by Berthold Tours, is an interesting song somewhat suggestive, it is true, of Sullivan's "Lost Chord," but at the same time the subject is treated in the musicianlike way which has gained its composer so much popularity already. It is set in three different keys, and has *ad libitum* accompaniments for harmonium, harp, and violin. Mr. Ciro Pinsuti's two songs, "Trusty as Steel" and "Home to Thy Heart," are good specimens of the work that this composer sets himself to do. The first is a patriotic effusion which we are informed is a "companion to Odoardo Barri's world-renowned song 'The Old Brigade,'" and we do not doubt that it will reach the popularity of its predecessor, but we cannot quite understand what the writer of the words means by the "boys of the Blue," who are as trusty as steel. The second song, the words of which are comprehensible, being written by Mr. Weatherley, is in Mr. Pinsuti's happiest style, and will be welcome to all who care for good music. How these two songs came to be written by the same composer might seem a mystery, but we suppose that the influence of the words may have had a good deal to do with it. "An Old Story," by Louisa Gray, is a very effective song, not difficult of execution, and gives evidence of careful study in its composition, while

"Angel Echoes," by Thomas Hutchinson, is quite up to the composer's reputation, and will doubtless gain him the credit he deserves. It would be difficult to say by what canon of poetry the words generally written for music should be judged, as it appears that in those cases where the writer has not written absolute nonsense, the composer takes the opportunity of making the words appear nonsensical by some rearrangement of them. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that the best work is not always devoted to the words of songs, and that lines devoid of sense as well as of reason too often show themselves. We have before us some songs by different composers, published by C. Jefferys, to words written in every case by H. Delavie, and it is almost with surprise that we have found that, although they are not perhaps surcharged with poetry, still they are graceful and apposite, and certainly do not come under the class of writings we have spoken of above. "Welcome ye Flowers of Spring," by Franz Abt; "The Days are Lifting," by Michael Watson, and "Fountains Abbey," by Berthold Tours, are perhaps the best of these, while "Petunia," by H. Pontett, and "Eolina," by Ed. Reyloff, are effective and pleasing. "The Glory of Eden," a sacred song by E. Reyloff to words by the same writer, is also a good specimen of that sort of writing which appears to please the public since the popularity of the "Lost Chord."

Two charming songs, published by Signor Ricordi, have been sent to us. The first, "Love's Eternity," by Augusto Rotoli, to words by F. E. Weatherley, shows us with what simple materials a really graceful song can be produced by one who knows how to use them; whilst the second, "Let it Be Soon," by F. Paolo Tosti, to words by Clement Scott, may be considered a work worthy of the reputation of the composer, and one which will not disappoint the most fastidious amateur.

We have received from Messrs. Boosey & Co. a song "For ever Dearer," the words by Frederic W. H. Myers, and the music by Ernest Bergholt, which seems to be a very meritorious setting of commonplace words, reflecting much credit upon the composer, who must have had a severe task. A Morceau de Salon, entitled "Paulina," composed and arranged by Charles Dennis, and published by B. Williams, has also been sent to us. This appears to be a vivacious and telling piece of no very great originality, but quite fitted for the purpose for which it was evidently intended.

We have also received from Messrs. Boosey & Co. the piano-forte score of Mr. Goring Thomas's opera *Esmeralda*, a detailed notice of which has already appeared in these pages. Messrs. Novello & Co. send us the piano-forte score of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's opera *Colomba*, which, like that of *Esmeralda*, will be of the greatest use to the many people who will wish to study for themselves the interesting work of a new operatic composer.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

THE veteran archaeologist, Mr. M. H. Bloxam, has had the satisfaction of presiding over the publication of the eleventh edition of his valuable *Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture* (1), the tenth having appeared in 1859. In its present form the work has expanded into three volumes, the second handling the internal arrangements of churches previously to the Reformation and monastic arrangement, and the third (needlessly termed "Companion") being lettered "Ecclesiastical Vestments," although it really includes, besides chapters on vestments before and after Edward VI., one on the changes in the internal arrangements of churches in and subsequently to the reign of King Edward VI., and another on English sepulchral monuments of all ages. Mr. Bloxam is pre-eminently a safe as well as an industrious writer, travelling along the broad road of documents and specimens towards the conclusions which he formulates. His conviction, laboriously reached from much evidence and many examples from monuments, is in favour of the continuity of the distinctive eucharistic dress in the Church of England. He demonstrates that copes were worn at every coronation from Charles II. to Victoria. We are rather surprised that he should have recourse to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1804 to establish the then preservation in the vestry of Durham Cathedral of five ancient copes, for they still are at Durham, though now in the Library, guarded with reverential care.

Sir Bernard Burke is well known as a pleasant purveyor of varied stores of genealogical and biographical anecdote, perhaps not too strictly conformable to the rules of philosophical history, but withal agreeable to read in leisure moments. Such is the characteristic of the remodelled edition of his "Rise of Great Families and other Essays" under the title of *Reminiscences: Ancestral, Anecdotal, and Historic* (2). Among the essays is one on the birthplace of the Duke of Wellington, which Sir Bernard Burke fixes by contemporary evidence at 24 Upper Merrion Street, Dublin, and not, as is usually thought, at the family seat Dangan Castle, in County Meath. This leads to a notice of the present ruined condition of that once fine place. Sir Bernard says nothing of its change of ownership, the fact being that the Wellesleys parted with it to a returned Indian officer, Colonel Thomas Burrowes, to whose descendants it still belongs. After it had come

(1) *The Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture*. By Matthew Holbeche Bloxam. Eleventh edition, 3 vols. London: Bell & Sons.

(2) *Reminiscences: Ancestral, Anecdotal, and Historic*. By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. London: Longmans & Co.

into Colonel Burrowes's possession, the house was burned down, not without suspicion resting on the agent.

If people always read for the purpose of acquiring really useful information, Mr. Chalmers's contribution to *The English Citizen* (3) series should go rapidly through many editions. It is packed full of facts about our local government, all worthy to be known. But, however useful the knowledge may be, it is, like most good things, not easy to obtain. Mr. Chalmers does his best. He subdivides, arranges, and states everything with painstaking clearness. We do not think that he could be shown to have neglected any important branch of his subject or to have wasted words, but when we reach the end of his book the most distinct idea to be got from it is that the whole business is a dreadful muddle. The distinguishing feature of local government in England would seem to be an utter want of system. Nothing is done on an intelligible principle, and five men are employed as a rule to do three men's work. The Englishman who fondly imagined that he is the least governed man in Europe, will be astonished to learn from Mr. Chalmers that he may live under five or more different governments, all empowered to tax him, and most of them able to contract debts which he has to help to pay. In his introduction Mr. Chalmers sketches the remarkably pretty and logical system of local government in France, just to supply his readers with a standard of comparison. After reading his lucid account of that neat piece of mechanism, it seems almost shocking to hear of farms which may be in twelve different parishes, and subject to fifty different rates, which was the terrible lot of a farm of two hundred acres in Gloucestershire a few years ago. On the other hand, a parish is said to be in existence which contains only one inhabitant. These are types of the confusion which prevails everywhere, and which Mr. Chalmers enables the reader to realize by the table which he puts at the end of his second chapter. This table gives the names of the various local authorities, their terms of office, the method by which they are elected, and their time of service. When it is remembered that these authorities—Town Councils, Highway Boards, School Boards, Poor Law Guardians, and the rest—rule over areas of varying extent, commonly overlap one another, and are subject to a very moderate degree of control, it will be seen at once that Mr. Chalmers does not overstate the facts when he says that "Local government in this country may be fitly described as consisting of a chaos of areas, a chaos of authorities, and a chaos of rates." He has supplied the British citizen with a guide through the confusion, and put it into everybody's power to get a competent knowledge of the various gins, traps, and snares which are set for the feet of the "rateable person." Mr. Chalmers's unflattering picture of the "chaos" is the more effective that he is no doctrinaire. He sees that our want of system is a natural, and in some respects healthy, growth, and that it is, for practical purposes, superior to the orderly-looking Continental systems, which have been pedantically fitted on whole countries with a total disregard to local conditions. He concludes his survey by a chapter on the Central Control, brought down to the date of Sir Charles Dilke's speech at Chelsea at the beginning of this year.

The twelve lectures on painting (4) which Mr. Armitage has just published will doubtless be well received by "the large and attentive audiences" which followed his course at the Royal Academy. It is for them chiefly that he has printed this selection. With the general public we doubt whether they will attain to any considerable popularity. Mr. Armitage thinks that there are many "who do not intend to follow art as a profession, but who would be glad to have a little daylight thrown on a subject which, though much written and lectured about of late years, does not seem to have been often treated in a simple practical manner." There will be no difference of opinion on that subject. We should be very happy to see questions of art treated in a simple practical way. But Mr. Armitage's simplicity too often takes the form of mere statements that, as he does not care for this or that painter, or this or that school of painting, he prefers to say nothing about them. That is both frank and wise on the part of Mr. Armitage, but it is not particularly instructive for the reader. It is perhaps a natural consequence of the conditions under which the lectures were delivered that they contain a somewhat disproportionate number of mere "tips." They suffer, too, from the common fault of selections, and are somewhat disjointed, not to say scrappy. There is of course much in these twelve lectures which will be interesting to everybody. It could scarcely be otherwise when a trained artist speaks on the subject of his art. The fifth lecture in particular is worth reading. In it Mr. Armitage gives the results of his observations as a juror at the Paris International Exhibition "On the Modern Schools of Europe." He draws a distinction of which every one will recognize the justice between the really national schools—the English, Austrian, German, Dutch, and Spanish, and their various offshoots in Belgium, Scandinavia, and elsewhere. With the recollection of Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate" still fresh, the propriety of his comparison of the Austrian school to a brass band is at once obvious. The phrase is borrowed from a French critic, as he frankly says, but it is a good one and deserves to be appropriated. He has some very sound observations on the smart triviality of Fortuny. Mr. Armitage justly insists on the over-fondness of French painters for physical

(3) *The English Citizen—Local Government.* By M. D. Chalmers, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

(4) *Lectures on Painting.* Delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy. By Edward Armitage, R.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

horror and the charnel-house, but he omits to notice that this is no new thing. Ribera and Valdes Leal had the same tastes. The remark suggests a curious problem of art criticism. Given a school of ardent Catholic Spaniards of the seventeenth century, and a French school of the nineteenth which is nowise Catholic, to account for the fact that they are equally fond of the physically disgusting.

Professor Veitch, of Glasgow, has published two lectures on Sir W. Hamilton (5) for the benefit of the audience "few but fit" which takes an interest in such subjects. The first, which is also much the shortest, gives a sketch of the life of the philosopher. The subject is not an easy one to treat in a lecture, from mere barrenness of incident. When the lecturer has said that Hamilton spent his life in reading and thinking, made a great reputation and no money, he has said almost all that he can say. Professor Veitch has consequently been compelled to devote a good part of his lecture to the subject of University teaching in general, and Scotch Universities in particular, and to lead up to Hamilton by a review of the growth of philosophy in Scotland. His second lecture is devoted to Hamilton's own speculations, and contains much closely-packed matter in a small space.

We are afraid that the writer of *Letters from a Young Emigrant in Manitoba* (6) will be the innocent cause of more than one cruel deception. The title of the book will at once suggest to any boy who is as well read in Kingston and Mayne Reid as he should be some thrilling story of adventure. He will take it up in hopes of hearing of bears, Indians, and trappers, and will be utterly disappointed. It is, in fact, a very plain account of the sober realities of an emigrant's life in a new colony. The preface assures us that these Letters really were written by an English lad who has settled and prospered in Manitoba, and every page bears witness to their trustworthiness. From a brief summary written by a relation of the settler at the end, it would appear that his family is thoroughly satisfied with his luck. He has, after two years of hard work, and thanks to the possession of a small capital, succeeded in becoming the happy possessor of a well-stocked farm of about seven hundred acres; and the editor of the letters is of opinion that "many a young fellow now hopelessly struggling with his competitive examinations might with advantage to himself exchange slavery at his crammer's for such a life, with all its hardships." The young fellow who is inclined to think so on report would do well to study the letters of the "Young Emigrant." He will learn that the life is one of intensely hard work, and small chances of making a fortune. At about the middle of his struggle the writer was inclined to think that any poverty in England was better than farming in Canada, and complains bitterly of the want of society whose talk is not wholly of bullocks. Success can be obtained; but it is of a kind which does not seem very desirable, except to an agricultural labourer or son of a small farmer. Undoubtedly any one who does not object to very hard work and continual discomfort, who has a small capital of from 700*l.* to 1,000*l.*, a stout heart and a broad back, can get on in Manitoba. We may quote the emigrant's list of the qualities required by a farmer's wife there for the benefit of young ladies who may feel inclined to marry a farmer. She must be "well versed in scrubbing, washing, baking, dairying, getting up at 3.30 in summer, 5.50 in winter; strong nerves, strong constitution, obedient, and with money." He not unwise proceeds to ask, "Where can I find the paragon?"

It is to be hoped that too many people will not take "Tiphys" at his word and think that sailing a canoe (7) is an art which comes almost by nature; for such an easy faith on their part will assuredly lead to an increase in the number of deaths by drowning, or at least to the ducking of many confiding persons. It does not require a personal knowledge of the manners and customs of canoes to justify a belief which no argument will ever shake, that anything which floats is liable to upset, if it is not properly managed. The beginner would do well at any rate to venture on no water more than eighteen inches deep till he has thoroughly learnt what to do with the sheet in a puff of wind. For the rest, we have no doubt that the "tips" given by "Tiphys" are sound; they are certainly clearly written, and his instructions seem to cover the whole ground. Canoeing has sunk into comparative obscurity since "Rob Roy" was a household word; but there are still apparently a faithful few for whom it has charms. According to "Tiphys," it has suffered from "its own too much." According to our laudable custom, we had no sooner found out that it could be a pleasant amusement than we hurried to make it a toil. It got so scientific and thorough, that people who think an amusement ought to amuse had no longer courage to "go in" for it.

The translation of M. Gustave Moynier's treatise (8) on the history and organization of the Red Cross Society is, in the main, very pleasant reading. It is not designed to be anything but a businesslike and even dry statement of facts; but the facts themselves are of a kind which it is agreeable to learn. M. Moynier is able to show that a very great deal has been done of late years

(5) *Sir William Hamilton: the Man and his Philosophy.* Two Lectures by John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

(6) *Letters from a Young Emigrant in Manitoba.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(7) *Practical Canoeing: a Treatise on the Management and Handling of Canoes.* By "Tiphys." London: Norie & Wilson. 1883.

(8) *The Red Cross; its Past and its Future.* By Gustave Moynier. Translated by John Furley. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1883.

to improve the lot of the sick and wounded in war. He is compelled to confess that in the great struggle between France and Germany the Red Cross was indifferently respected, and, although he avoids anything like acrimonious discussion, it is obvious that he lays the blame mainly on the French. Some of his statements have a rather curious look, as when, for instance, he says that in the Transvaal war "the Africans (i.e. the Boers), on their side, proved themselves to be scrupulous observers of the most advanced law of nations, which, it may be said, gained much sympathy for them." We trust that, if they acted on the "most advanced law of nations," they will be allowed to enjoy that dignified position to themselves in future. M. Moynier's interesting little book has been well translated by Mr. Furley.

The Head-Master of the City of London School has published a treatise (9) to give governesses, private tutors, and parents the benefit of his experience in the art of teaching. The greater part of the book is devoted to setting forth Dr. Abbott's ideas on the best way of conveying some knowledge of arithmetic, Latin, French, and so forth into the heads of boys. The ideas seem just and practical enough. Dr. Abbott prefixes to the more technical part of his treatise a short essay on the art of teaching in general, in the shape of a chapter on "Moral Training." In this he insists on the importance of an intelligent system in training children, and points out very forcibly the folly of confusing them by trying to turn their attention to too many things at once. We do not know that his *Hints on Home Teaching* are likely to be of much effect in showing anybody how to train children better. The good which the reader gets out of books of this kind is generally in exact proportion to his power of doing without them. However that may be, Dr. Abbott's treatise is certainly sensible and readable.

*My Best Pupil* (10), by M. A. Curtois, is an exceedingly unpleasant little story, written with a certain rough force. Judging from the unlikeliest character of the man who tells the story, and a certain ignorance of the world which distinguishes it all through, we should say that M. A. Curtois is a lady. If so, she must have had exceptional opportunities of becoming acquainted with the worst class of the very poor in some provincial town. "My Best Pupil" is an unlucky young scamp who belongs to a family which has had the honour of sending two of its members to the gallows within a short time of one another. He is taken up by a struggling drawing-master—the impossible person referred to above—and the story is devoted to telling how very ill they got on with one another till the boy's death. The character of Andrew Dalton, or Aree as he is called by the other boys, is a study of some power. He is a worthless young scamp—violent, lying, and revengeful, with a genius for drawing. The author is at no pains to excuse him, and yet by degrees we come to see that his evil disposition is more the result of misery and bad training than of natural wickedness, and in the end he seems deserving of pity, and even of praise for being no worse. The story is over-coloured and unnatural in parts; but, as we have said, it shows power and promise.

People who like stories about snow-white maidens, ardent lovers, wicked Spaniards, wily Jesuits, cruel parents, and gunshot wounds, may be recommended to read *A Golden Mary-Bud* (11). The moral sentiment is excellent, and the writer is severe on the sins of the Church of Rome.

Miss Georgina S. Grahame has enriched the already copious literature intended for girls by translating a Dutch story of the class written by "Andriessen" (12). We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with the author whom Miss Grahame introduces in her title-page, and so cannot say whether *Eva* is a favourable specimen of his or her works. It is, however, rather above the usual level of stories for girls, and Miss Grahame's translation is free from foreign idioms.

We do not know whether *Tontine* (13) is intended to be an example of what the new school of American story-writing can do, but it is very complicated, very pretentious, and very dull.

Mr. F. R. Fleet must be a person of a generous ambition. He has gallantly tackled no less a subject than Wit and Humour and published his opinions thereon. His essay (14) contains the proper quotations from Hobbes and Locke, and has not a little to say about Sydney Smith. For the rest it is not more fatuous than an essay on such a subject might be expected to be. The "other articles" contain a good deal of very serious fun.

Mr. Simkin's drawings of the war in Egypt (15) have all an air of being old friends. We think we have seen most, if not all, of them in different illustrated papers. Some of them appear with a new face, of very strong colour. "A British Man-of-war's Boat in the Harbour of Alexandria" is remarkable for a combination of absurd mistakes. It is a double-banked eight-

(9) *Hints on Home Teaching*. By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D., Head-Master of the City of London School. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1883.

(10) *My Best Pupil*. By M. A. Curtois. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

(11) *A Golden Mary-Bud*. A Novel. By Beatrice Ley. London: F. Pitman.

(12) *Eva: a Book for Girls*. Translated from the Dutch of Andriessen, by Georgina S. Grahame. Edinburgh: James Gemmill. 1883.

(13) *Tontine*. By Matilda J. Barnett. London: F. Pitman.

(14) *An Essay on Wit and Humour; with other Articles*. By F. R. Fleet. London: David Bogue.

(15) *The War in Egypt*. The Illustrations by Richard Simkin; the Text and Maps by special permission from the "Times." London: Routledge & Sons. 1883.

oared cutter apparently, and all the port-side men are rowing the starboard oars, and vice versa. There is a quite superfluous hand in the bows, who is, it would seem, told off to pose with a boat-hook, and the stern of the cutter is wrongly drawn.

Mr. Caldecott continues to be unwearied in well doing. His last Sketch-Book (16), which is devoted to the four seasons and other things, is as admirable as anything he has ever done both in imagination and drawing. The figure of Autumn has a quite poetic beauty. As for the gentleman who has been rash with the pepper-pot in the pictures of Spring, his picture expresses a sneeze in its quiddity.

C. A. B.'s illustrations of Dame Trot and her Pig (17) would have been good enough for the youth of twenty years ago, no doubt. Judged by the pictures drawn for children to-day, they seem lifeless and coarse.

The twentieth number of *English Etchings* (18) contains one pleasant piece of landscape, "When Winter's Boughs are Bare," by F. Emeric de St. Dalmas, and two studies of buildings, one by Mr. Swain and one by Mr. Craft. The latter are good in drawing, but the outlines are terribly hard.

Everybody who travels writes a book (19) about it, but it is not everybody who writes his book in so small a space as the author of *A Month on the Move*, or is generally so unpretentious. "The sole aim of this little book," says the author, who signs himself Odysseus, "is to try and show any reader who may wish to travel what kind of 'move' it is possible to make in a month." The two Oxford men went to Constantinople and enjoyed themselves very much on 30*t*, a feat on which they are to be congratulated.

The number of reprints which we have the pleasure of noticing is more considerable than usual. At the head of them must be put the Parchment Library edition of Tennyson (20)—two charming volumes fully worthy of an admirable series.

Next in bibliographical merit must be put Mr. Ainger's edition of *The Essays of Elia* (21), to which he prefixes an excellent critical introduction.

The new edition of Richardson's works (22) would please us better if it were of the same handy size as *The Essays of Elia*; but in other respects it is excellently got up.

We can congratulate Messrs. Routledge on having attained in their new editions of Shakespeare (23) and Wordsworth (24), and in their collection of sacred poetry for the young (25), the very summit of the cheap and pretentious. The bindings are gaudy, the paper miserable, the illustrations printed in glaring coloured inks, and the very edges covered with creeping green things terrible to see.

The collection of poems for the young (26) published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran is altogether better got up. The choice of pieces seems sensible, the paper is good, and the illustrations are praiseworthy.

We need do no more than merely notice the publication of new editions of such thoroughly well-known works as the *Statesman's Year-Book* (27), of which the twentieth volume is now out, full and clear as usual; and of *Debrett's House of Commons* (28); and of the fat *Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthage* (29) published under the same title.

Mr. E. L. Anderson has collected in a thin little book (30), admirably illustrated by Mr. Muybridge's system of photography, all that theory and practice can teach as to how a horse should be trained to gallop. His rules seem clear and intelligible.

An excellent Indian Railway Guide (31) has been published by the *Times of India* on the A B C system, taking the six capital cities of India as centres of travel.

"Dad" (32), as small, as neat, and as handy as ever, has reached its fifty-first year.

(16) *A Sketch-Book of R. Caldecott's*. Reproduced by Edmund Evans, the engraver and printer. London and New York: Routledge & Sons.

(17) *The Wonderful History of Dame Trot and her Pig*. C. A. B. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

(18) *English Etchings*. Part XX. London: William Reeves.

(19) *A Month on the Move: an Easter Trip of Two Oxford Men*. London: Griffith & Farran.

(20) *Parchment Library—Poems by Alfred Tennyson*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(21) *The Essays of Elia*. With Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

(22) *The History of Clarissa Harlowe; in a Series of Letters*. 5 vols. London: Sotheran & Co. 1883.

(23) *The Works of Shakespeare*. Edited by Charles Knight. London: Routledge & Sons.

(24) *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*. London: Routledge & Sons.

(25) *Sacred Poetry*. Selected and edited by R. A. Willmott, M.A. London: Routledge & Sons.

(26) *Poetry for the Young*. London: Griffith & Farran. 1883.

(27) *The Statesman's Year-Book for 1883*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

(28) *Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench*. 1883. London: Dean & Son.

(29) *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthage*. 1883. London: Dean & Son.

(30) *The Gallop*. By Edward L. Anderson. Illustrated by Instantaneous Photographs by John Annan. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

(31) *The Indian A B C Railway Guide*. Bombay: published at the "Times of India" Office. 1883.

(32) *Dad's Parliamentary Companion*. Fifty-first Year. London: Whittaker & Co. 1883.

